

PHILIP BARTON'S SECRET

BY MRS. MAY ANDERSON HAWKINS

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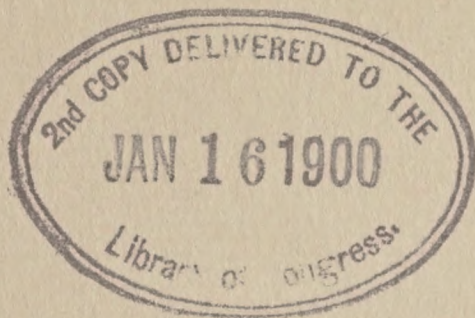
THE YOUNG PEOPLE ON THE LAKE
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TWO COPIES RECEIVED.

TO MY ONLY SON
AND TO THE YOUTH OF THE LAND
ESPECIALLY TO THOSE OF OUR OWN
DEAR SOUTHLAND
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED



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Philip Barton's Secret

CHAPTER I

TWO ROADS

THE great machine-shop at Ridley blew the whistle for noon. Tired workers drew a long breath of relief. That sharp, piercing sound was music to them. It meant an hour's freedom for dinner and rest. The whirr of the huge machinery gradually ceased. Crowds of grimy-faced men and youths emerged from the shop-doors.

"I say, Fred, did you know Phil Barton got religion last night? True as preachin'."

Fred Lewis whistled. He was one of the best young workmen in the shop. He was tall and fine-looking, in spite of the grime now on hands and face.

His companion, Ned Brown, continued:

"They got hold of him down at the new

mission. He 's been goin' there fur quite a spell. Last night they hauled him in."

"How do you know?"

"Jake Richey was with him. Says he mos' felt like givin' in, too. Good preacher they got down there. I 'd go myself, only I 'm half afeared."

Fred laughed quite boisterously.

"Catch you givin' in, Ned Brown. The old fellow 's got too tight a grip on you to let you go in a hurry. Might as well talk o' me gettin' good."

"That 's a fac'," responded Ned, quite pleased. "We do n't b'long to the soft-hearted set, do we?"

"Neither does Phil," responded the other, sharply. "He 's a reg'lar bulldog. Do n't see how they managed to get hold of him. Hope he won't turn to a milksop. I like Phil."

"Hush! here he comes. 'Pears to be in a mighty hurry."

A young man of about twenty-three years of age, in workman's blouse, and with the

grime of the machine-shop still upon him, hurried past. His face was manly and rather handsome. Something in the massive squareness of forehead and chin made one think Fred's comparison was apt.

He nodded pleasantly, but did not pause.

"Wonder what's his hurry. Allus had time fur a friendly word afore," muttered Brown.

He was soon enlightened.

The young man disappeared in a doorway, marked "Mission Chapel." The sound of music floated out on the air.

"Whew! That's a new dodge. Meetin's at noon. Suppose we turn in, Fred? What's good for Phil 'll be good for us," and he grinned.

"Hush! You're a reg'lar magpie. I wish Phil had n't taken up with this foolishness. But 't won't last."

"I do n't know. What Phil once begins, he mos' generally sticks to. But he's the las' man in the shop I'd 'a' thought o' turnin'

pious. Wonder if he'll throw us over, now he's took up wi' this new notion?"

Six months passed. Work continued as usual in the great shop.

A few minutes after the six o'clock evening whistle had blown, one drizzling day in early September, Ned Brown and Fred Lewis came out of the shop-door. They worked side by side, and while they were not especially congenial, this fact threw them much together. They both lived on the same street, and usually walked home in company.

"What a nasty day! I want something to wake me up. Let's go 'round to Brady's, and play a game, after supper?"

It was Ned who spoke.

"All right. Here comes Phil. Perhaps he'll go with us. He plays a good hand, you know."

"Not he. He's got too good since he joined the Church, to be seen goin' 'round wi'

us. No use askin' him." There was a sneer on Ned's lip as he spoke.

"You do 'nt know what you 're sayin'," Lewis angrily replied. "Phil 's no more up-pish than I be. And I 'm goin' to ask him. I like Phil."

"All right. I 'll go on. I can't stop," said Brown. He did not care to be with Fred when the latter was in an ill-humor.

"I 'll call for you after supper," he added, as he turned away.

"Very well. I 'll be ready."

When invited to join them, young Barton declined.

"Have n't time," was his excuse.

"What are you up to, anyway, old fellow?" said Lewis. "I never see you at any of the loafing-places any more."

"Come with me to-night, and I will show you. I wish you would come, Lewis," and Phil laid his hand on Fred's shoulder.

Lewis shook his head.

"You 're going down hill, Fred. That 's

not safe. Mend your grammar a bit, and brush up, and I 'll take you where you 'll have a pleasant evening."

Fred laughed.

"I can have a nice time without changing my grammar or my clothes, either. What has come over you, anyway, Phil? You are so different."

It was noticeable that Fred's speech changed with his companions. He came from a higher class than Ned Brown, and at home his associations were not devoid of refinement.

"Why, God has made a new man out of me, Fred," responded Phil, smiling. "And he stands by me all the time, and keeps me straight. I 'm just the happiest fellow on the globe, these days."

Fred said nothing, but looked intently into his companion's face.

"Do n't go with Brown so much, Fred," urged Phil, after a moment's silence. "He 's bad. Mr. Weston does n't half trust him.

And don't go to Brady's. You know the firm's rule."

The firm of Weston & Company, while not a religious one, made it one of their rules that no workman in their employ should frequent saloons or gambling-houses.

"But they 'll never know," responded Fred. "And a glass, now and then, and a jolly game, can't hurt."

"Yes, but they will know. And you are breaking rules too often. Mr. Weston would dismiss you to-morrow if he knew you frequented that place," urged Phil.

"You are a pretty one to preach. The first time I ever went there, you took me."

"I know it, and I would give a year's wages to have that wiped out. Give up Ned and Brady, Fred, and come with me."

"No. I'll go my way, and you can go yours," he said, sulkily, and walked away.

Philip stood for a moment and looked after him. There was a troubled look in his frank blue eyes.

“If one could only recall the past,” he thought bitterly. “Fred is going to ruin about as fast as possible. I was the first one who turned him in that direction. That ’s not a pleasant thought to go to sleep on.”

CHAPTER II

A SHADOW

“**L**OOK! there they come. And Carl’s boat is ahead.” Mr. Bachman, as he spoke, laid his hand upon his young friend’s shoulder. His strong face looked exultant, and Ralph Weston smiled as he said:

“No wonder you are pleased. He handles his oars marvelously well. My father wrote me he was a fine fellow. I see he was right.”

People about them began to cheer, and enthusiastic cries of “Bachman! Bachman!” came from a body of youths who were pressing close to the spot where stood Mr. Bachman and his friend.

“They are his classmates,” the elder man explained, in answer to an inquiring glance from the other.

The two contesting boats were now near the bridge, upon which were grouped the spec-

tators. As they shot into the little cove, which ended the race, Carl Bachman's skiff was its full-length in advance of his rival's.

Very modestly the young oarsman received the congratulations of his friends. His classmates gathered about him, laughing and exuberant, some fanning his flushed face with their straw hats, and others jestingly offering to take off their coats and loan to him, if he felt chilly.

It was only when his eye caught his father's smiling face that he seemed really moved.

"Why, father! I did not think you cared enough for such things to come out this hot morning," he said, with a happy light mantling his face.

"If it was not too hot for you to row, it was not too hot for me to watch you," Mr. Bachman replied. Then, placing one hand upon his boy's shoulder, and the other upon the arm of his friend, he said:

"Carl, this is Mr. Ralph Weston, the son of my dear old friend and classmate, John

Weston, whom you know. He is just back from a three years' trip abroad. He ended with Cuba, and has stopped to see us on his way north."

With boyish pleasure Carl gazed into the handsome face of the young man before him. This pleasure was not diminished when Ralph Weston said, in response to the young oarsman's cordial greeting:

"I consider myself fortunate in having reached your city in season to witness your feat in rowing. I never saw anything handsomer. Your rival did well; but he was no match against your skill and endurance."

These words, spoken in all sincerity, together with the young man's prepossessing face and manners, instantly won Carl's heart. From that moment he became a loyal and admiring friend of the young Northerner.

John Bachman was a man of wealth and influence in the city of Nashville, Tennessee. He was the head of a large manufacturing firm, in which he fondly hoped to see Carl,

who was his only child, his successor. The boy was between seventeen and eighteen years of age. His mother often said of him:

“He is all that I could possibly desire a son to be.”

The boy's feat in rowing was the result of a boat-race gotten up by the students of two rival schools. Each had a favorite “man” to put forward, and both sides felt sure their especial champion would win the honors of the day.

It was early in September, and the colleges would open the following week. The race had been arranged for this date, rather than later, because the parents of one of the competitors were not willing that their boy should spend time and strength upon a contest of this kind during school-term.

The trial of the skill and muscle of the two chosen oarsmen had attracted sufficient local attention to bring half a hundred spectators, besides those students who were residents of the city, to the river front, to witness the race.

That night, while Carl and his mother were enjoying their usual twilight talk, seated upon the piazza of their elegant suburban home, Ralph Weston joined them, followed by Mr. Bachman. Conversation naturally turned upon young Weston's trip abroad; and as his host and hostess had spent some time in travel early in their wedded life, question and counter-question, interspersed with pleasing reminiscences, filled the hour with keen interest to each one in the little group.

"Naturally, Germany was my favorite camping-ground," Mr. Bachman at last said. "Had my wife consented, I should have been glad to have spent a year or two there in study."

A quick glance towards Mrs. Bachman from their guest's questioning eyes, caused her husband to say, with a light laugh:

"My German ancestry has always been a grief to Mrs. Bachman, for with it she insists I inherited certain views which she considers dangerous."

Under the bright electric-light, young Weston instantly caught an expression upon the sweet and refined face of his hostess which told him that the subject just broached was no laughing matter with her. He turned the conversation by asking Carl "what he intended to do with his life."

The boy hesitated before replying, and the young man said:

"Perhaps you have not yet given the subject serious thought. At your age I am sure my mind had never traveled beyond the pleasure of the present time. But something in your face made me think that your nature was less volatile than mine."

"I hope to preach the gospel," Carl said at last, in a low but clear voice.

Ralph Weston was too much surprised by this answer to utter a word in response. He was a gay worldling; nay, worse: he had imbibed from a skeptical father the seeds of unbelief towards all Biblical religion.

"Is it possible, Carl, that you still hold to

that nonsense?" Mr. Bachman asked, with surprise and displeasure in both face and tone. "I thought that your boating exploits and your feats in the gymnasium had driven all such foolishness out of your head."

Before Carl could reply, his father arose and abruptly left the piazza. An awkward silence fell upon the little group, and young Weston soon bade mother and son good-night, saying it was time he was at his hotel.

As their visitor passed out of sight, Carl slipped his hand into his mother's. Mrs. Bachman pressed it gently, and said, as she looked into his face, which wore an expression of keen distress:

"Do n't mind it, dear. There may be a struggle, but God will stand by you if you are true. Remember his words to Joshua: 'I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Be strong and of good courage.'"

"But did you notice how angrily he looked at us both?" the boy whispered. "I never saw him show so much feeling before. I am afraid

he will never consent to my becoming a minister."

"If God has sealed you for this high and holy calling, as you believe, he will sweep all obstacles from your path," his mother responded. "The hearts of kings are as wax in his hands. He can melt and change your father in one short hour, so that he will not only consent, but will consider it a sweet privilege to give his son to tell of Christ to a perishing world. Put your trust unwaveringly in God, my son, and all will be well."

CHAPTER III

A PAINFUL SURPRISE

AT breakfast next morning Mr. Bachman was silent and moody. Many times Carl caught his gaze resting upon him, with an expression that he could not fathom. The affection between father and son was unusually strong. Upon all points but one their intercourse was frank and delightful. But whenever the subject of personal religion was broached, Mr. Bachman always maintained a guarded silence.

In the years of his earlier religious life this had puzzled the lad; but as he grew older he learned to understand that his father held views which were considered by his mother and her pastor as unorthodox. That he was an avowed infidel and atheist, Carl did not suspect. Neither did he dream of the unrelenting purpose of his heart that his only son and heir

should not, as he expressed it, "be trammelled with any baseless and unnatural superstition." It was thus that he spoke of all evangelical religion.

For four years Carl had been preparing, in one of the best schools of the city, to enter Vanderbilt University. This year was to see his wish realized.

Seeing that his father would not enter into conversation, the lad turned to his mother, as the morning meal progressed, and said:

"Two more of Mr. Wallace's boys are going to enter our Freshman class. Rob McNeil and Stewart Hunter were going to Pantops, but their fathers have decided that Vanderbilt is better. There will be sixteen of us. We'll make a jolly crowd."

"Vanderbilt University grows in popularity every year," Mrs. Bachman replied. "I am glad and thankful for its presence in our city. Were it elsewhere, my boy would have to be sent from home, and I scarcely see how I could bear the separation."

The fond glance that she bent upon Carl as she thus spoke, showed how tender was the tie that bound them together.

"Do not set your heart too strongly upon entering Vanderbilt," Mr. Bachman now said, again giving his son one of those strange glances which sent a feeling of indefinable dread to the boy's heart.

"Why, father, I thought that was all settled," Carl answered, in surprise. "All my arrangements are made, and the university opens next Wednesday."

"Did you never hear the old adage, 'There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip?' " was Mr. Bachman's significant reply. "Hold yourself in readiness for anything, then you will not be taken by surprise."

As he thus spoke, he arose from the table, and passed from the room.

That morning when Ralph Weston called, prior to taking the train for his Northern home, Mr. Bachman led him into the library. For an hour he held him there in close conver-

sation, and as the young man came out he said:

“When shall I hear from you?”

“You may expect a telegram by to-morrow night or next morning. It will be all right, I am sure. My father will consider it a privilege to serve you.”

Mrs. Bachman, who was in the hall at the moment, looked troubled as she caught these words.

None knew so well as she her husband's ever-deepening dislike for the Church and its teachings. In some way she felt that Carl's future was being settled without reference to her or her desires, and she feared that some plan for separating her boy from her was being formed. Mr. Bachman's words to Carl at the breakfast-table indicated this.

She was not long left in doubt. Two evenings later, after tea, her husband placed his hand upon Carl's shoulder, and said:

“Day after to-morrow, my boy, you will start for Ridley. I have arranged for you to

enter Norwood College. It is one of the finest of which I know. Ralph Weston won his degree there. What was good enough for John Weston's son is good enough for mine."

"But, father—" began Carl, pain and surprise almost choking his utterance.

"We need not waste words in discussing the matter," Mr. Bachman hastily interrupted. "I have done what seemed to me best. You will become a member of John Weston's family. This will be more pleasant for you than to be wholly among strangers, as would be the case were you to become a boarder in the college. You know and like both Mr. Weston and Ralph. Miss Cornelia Weston, who has had charge of her brother's household ever since Mrs. Weston's death, is a refined and cultured lady. So far as possible, she will try to fill your mother's place while you are away from us. I have no doubt but that your life at Ridley will be a very happy one."

With pale cheeks and trembling lips, Mrs. Bachman approached her husband. "John,"

she said, in a voice she strove in vain to make steady, "why do you thus hastily part me from my boy? What has changed your mind about placing Carl in Vanderbilt?"

A steel-like glitter came into her husband's handsome eyes, as he replied:

"Something powerful enough to cause me to prefer seeing him dead at my feet ere I would permit him to enter that college." He paused a moment, and then, with a glance at Carl, added:

"No earthly consideration would induce me to think of allowing the superstitious errors there taught to be instilled into the mind of my boy."

His wife knew that all appeal would be in vain. She pressed her hand over her eyes for a moment, and then turned to Carl, trying to force a smile.

"We will have no time to lose, darling. There are many things that must be done before you go, and the hours run swiftly."

Her brave self-control nerved the boy to

hide his own suffering in order to support her. He went swiftly to her side, and threw an arm affectionately over her shoulder as he responded:

“You must let me help you, mother, in every way that I can.”

They passed from the room, and Mr. Bachman, with compressed lips, seated himself in his easy-chair. He knew that Carl's heart was hot with indignation against him, and the fact caused him acute pain. But he did not for a moment waver in his purpose.

He was a man of inflexible will, and when once his mind was settled upon any course he considered wise and right, no human being had power to change him.

CHAPTER IV

NEW EXPERIENCES

WE will not linger over those last few days before mother and son, for the first time in their lives, were separated. Many tears dropped silently over the garments Mrs. Bachman's loving hands placed in her boy's trunk; but in his presence she was always calm and smiling.

As she kissed him good-bye in her own room, away from all curious eyes, she slipped a beautifully-bound pocket Bible into his hand.

"Your large one is packed in your trunk. This will be more convenient to handle. You will read in it every day, darling, will you not, no matter how full your time may be?"

"Yes, mother," he replied, in a choking voice.

Then she passed her arm about his neck, and together they knelt by the bed, and she

committed him to the care of the tender Shepherd whose trusting lamb he had been for the past five years.

As they arose, her eyes were bright and clear, and she placed both hands in silent benediction upon his bowed head. He pressed a long, quivering kiss upon her lips, and as he went down the stairs his eyes were so dimmed with tears that he could not see his way. He brushed them aside before he met his father, who was going with him to the train.

As the sound of the carriage-wheels which bore them to the depot died away, the heroic mother cast herself again upon her knees beside the couch. An agony of grief swept over her, which she did not strive to quell. All need for self-restraint was now removed, and her heart was free to take in the bitter pain of separation from her boy. No one but a mother who loves her son with the intense devotion that Mrs. Bachman lavished upon Carl can understand the anguish of that hour.

At the depot, Mr. Bachman drew Carl

aside, as the train which was to bear the boy away drew near.

"My boy," he said, in a strangely gentle voice, "you know, do you not, that you are the dearest object upon earth to your father's heart?"

Carl looked into his face, and as he read the deep love there, he replied:

"Yes, sir; I am sure you love me." Then he briefly added: "But this hasty sending me from home, father, was cruel. My mother's heart is almost broken."

"It was best for you to go," Mr. Bachman answered. "Some day you will see why. I do not expect you to understand this now."

There was no time for further words. A moment later Carl was being whirled away into the night, and Mr. Bachman stood looking after the train with a keen consciousness in his heart that his only son had parted from him with less apparent pain than it had cost the boy to leave his pet spaniel.

At Ridley, both Mr. Weston and Ralph met

Carl at the depot. This was a surprise as well as a deep pleasure to the lonely boy. He at once lost the painful sense of isolation which had stabbed him keenly during the journey, and his heart went out anew to Ralph. Mr. Weston he had always known and liked, although he stood somewhat in awe of him. His manners were rather stern, and there was a certain cynicism about him which, while it interested, did not tend to make people feel at home with him.

He was so kind and cordial now, however, that Carl congratulated himself that he was to become a member of his family rather than to go among strangers.

Even the stately Miss Weston gave the young stranger such a kindly welcome that he at once lost his shyness, and began to experience a homelike feeling stealing over him, which amazed and delighted him.

A pretty little maid of fourteen, whom Ralph introduced as his "madcap cousin from the Rockies, Minnie Taswell," completed the

members of the home circle into which Carl had been so suddenly and unexpectedly introduced.

He found that college did not open for two days, and while this fact deepened his wounded feelings toward his father, who had hurried him from home without visible reason, it gave the boy an opportunity to become acquainted with his new surroundings before he settled down to his studies.

Ralph invited him to accompany him on a tour of inspection through the great machine-shop of Weston & Company, saying, with a laugh:

"As my life, for the future, is to be hidden in that shop, the sooner I become accustomed to its noise and grime, the better."

Carl gladly accompanied him, for machinery had a powerful fascination for him. This fact had led Mr. Bachman to believe that his son's life-work would be to step into his father's place, and continue the business, which was at once both important and lucrative.

No doubt this hope deepened the chagrin with which Carl's avowed desire to preach the gospel had filled him.

It was a pleasant afternoon that the boy spent in the shop, following Ralph from place to place, and entering into conversation with the workmen, now and again, as a face attracted him. Both he and young Weston noticed one man especially. This man was Philip Barton. What it was about him that drew their attention so closely neither could have explained. They found themselves standing beside him, however, studying his frank countenance, and listening to his brief replies to the questions they asked him, with so deep an interest that the closing bell surprised them.

"I hope we have not troubled you," Ralph said, apologetically, when he found how long they had lingered.

"O no! Come around whenever you please. Visitors are always welcome, and it is a rare pleasure to have Mr. Weston's son

among us," was the young mechanic's courteous answer.

"That fellow looks as though he might fit into a higher sphere than working behind a lathe in a machine-shop," Ralph remarked, as they turned away.

"He has a noble face," Carl responded. "And it has such a glow on it."

"Yes, that is what struck me. It almost seemed as if it threw a light over that part of the dingy shop," young Weston said, with a laugh. "I thought it must be my fancy, but as you noticed the same thing, I suppose the glow must really be there. I wonder why he is so happy. The fellow across from him was a fine foil for Barton. He looked as sour and bitter as a crab-apple in June," and again Ralph laughed in his light way.

CHAPTER V

IN THE SHOP AND OUT

THAT same evening Ralph Weston was sitting in his father's luxurious library, reading. Carl was also present, interestedly examining the rows of handsomely-bound books upon the shelves.

"Father," Ralph said, very gravely, and laying his paper aside, "I am going to settle down to business. I have roamed about long enough; too long, probably. I do not wish to waste any more time."

Mr. Weston looked keenly into his son's face. In his earlier years Ralph had scorned everything connected with the great shop; yet he had known that this shop was the pride of his father's heart.

"What line of work have you chosen?" he asked.

"Your career, father, is good enough for

me. I find that I quite like the whirr of the huge machinery now, and there is a curious fascination about the shop and the workmen. If your partner will sell his interest in the business, I will buy him out, and you may change the firm name to Weston & Son. I recall that this was a pet plan of yours years ago, before I had sense enough to know a good thing when I saw it."

Mr. Weston made no reply, but Carl noticed a satisfied sparkle in his eye which spoke volumes.

After sitting silently lost in thought for a while, Ralph asked:

"Who and what is young Barton? He interests me."

"O, he's just an ordinary workman. Trusty, though."

"But there is something in his face, father, that puzzles me. A sort of light. Have you noticed it?"

Mr. Weston nodded, but was silent.

Carl ceased his examination of the books,

and quietly took a seat where he could view the faces of both speakers. Their conversation deeply interested him.

"It baffles and worries me," continued the young man. "It says to me that, common and poor as he is, he has found some happiness, some secret, that I, with all my advantages, have missed. What is it?"

"That expression has come to him within the last six months. Up to that time he usually looked morose, much like a bull-dog," was Mr. Weston's reply.

"What has changed him?" persisted his son.

A cynical smile curved the elder man's lips. "About that date Barton joined the Church. There are those who would tell you that this is what changed him."

Young Weston laughed derisively.

"What absurdity, father! Church members, as I have usually found them, are a set of hypocrites. They talk one way, and live another. They declare that they are lifted above the miseries of this life, yet they are the

most unhappy looking people on earth. Ha! ha! It is something more than religion that makes that fellow's face shine."

Carl shaded his eyes with his hand to hide his emotion. He was recalling his mother's countenance, in which the inner light of Christ so shone that it made it seem almost divine. He had recognized the same light, in lesser degree, in Philip Barton.

Mr. Weston tapped his hand lightly upon the arm of his chair as he said:

"The same person who would tell you that Barton's joining the Church had changed him might also suggest that perhaps there are different kinds of religion in the world. You and I may not have been fortunate in the specimens that have come under our notice."

Again Ralph Watson laughed; but he made no reply, except to shrug his shoulders.

"Barton is a fine fellow," Mr. Weston continued. "He will turn out well if he does not get cranky. But he troubles me. He is being

drawn in by a lot of fanatics. If it goes on, I may have to dismiss him. I have no patience with enthusiasts and fools.”

The very next day Philip Barton sought his employer's presence.

It was Saturday. Upon this day the firm always gave a half-holiday. Tickets were presented, stating that a certain number of hours' work had been performed each day. To save trouble and confusion, the Saturday tickets bore the same number of hours' work performed as the rest. Of course, however, only half the number of hours were given to labor as on other days.

Young Barton now said, with a troubled look in his eyes:

“This ticket does not seem honest, Mr. Weston. It says I have worked ten hours, when the fact is, I have only worked five.”

“But we all understand that, Barton. Do n't be quixotic.”

Mr. Weston's tone was impatient.

"But, sir, I can't sign it. It is not true. Won't you let me state just the number of hours I have worked?"

"No, unless you want your wages cut down accordingly. Do n't say anything more. I am busy."

The young man turned away with drooping head, but with a resolute light leaping to his eyes.

After he was gone, his employer sat idle for many minutes, drumming impatiently upon his desk with the handle of his pen. Ralph, who had been standing just outside the door, and had heard the brief colloquy, glanced musingly towards the erect figure and stern countenance.

"His temper has not sweetened since the old days," he murmured, turning away. "If that young fellow knows on which side his bread is buttered he will not cross him often, as he has done to-day. My father is not a man to be trifled with. I learned that fact some years ago."

As he sauntered leisurely down the street he met Carl Bachman, just returning from a stroll through the city.

"How do you like the looks of our town?" Ralph interestedly inquired.

"Pretty well. I will like it better, though, when I get used to the quick ways up here. We have such an easy manner of getting along in the South that your hurry and push fairly take my breath away. I feel all tired out, just watching other people's bustle and haste," and Carl laughed pleasantly.

"Suppose we take a row on the lake to rest you," Ralph suggested. "There is a fine dory belonging to father down at the dock, which he has handed over to me. Knowing your skill with the oars, I shall be pleased for you to use it as if it were your own, whenever the notion for a row seizes you."

Much pleased, Carl accepted this generous offer as frankly as it was made.

The lake was smooth and the afternoon perfect, and an hour was spent upon the water

with much pleasure to both rowers. Carl found that Ralph handled his oars with the ease of an experienced sailor.

As they took turns in using them, the young man beguiled the time with many pleasing incidents from his travels abroad, to which the boy gave interested attention.

When the family gathered at the supper-table that night, Carl met a tall youth of about his own age, who was presented to him by Miss Weston as "our nephew, Samuel Weston. His father has sent him to us in order that he may enter Norwood. His coming will make it more lively for you, Carl, and I hope you will become good friends."

Carl smiled and bowed, but in his heart he felt that the bond of sympathy between himself and this youth would not be strong. There was a supercilious smile on the stranger's lips which was not prepossessing.

CHAPTER VI

CONTRASTS

THAT evening, when the male members of the household gathered in the library, which was Mr. Weston's favorite resort, and into which his sister and niece rarely came, Ralph quietly addressed his father:

"Do you think, father, that you have settled young Barton's scruples?"

Mr. Weston elevated his eyebrows in surprise as he said:

"What scruples? I do n't understand."

"O, I was by the door to-day, and heard what he said about the ticket. Do you think you have heard the last of the matter?"

The elder man laughed.

"I do. His father is dead, his mother is in poor health, and there are four younger children. Phil is the only wage-earner. He will

think twice before he allows his wages to be cut down. It is close living with them as it is."

"Do you acquaint yourself with the private life of all your men, as you seem to have done with Barton?"

There was curiosity in Ralph's eyes and voice as he asked this question.

"No. To tell the truth, the young man interests me deeply. He was inclined to be wild until he got mixed up with those mission folks. At one time I had my eye on him, thinking to discharge him. He had a bad influence over one of my best workmen, Fred Lewis. But Barton has turned squarely about. It is Lewis, now, who is in danger."

"I fancy, father, that you believe it is his religion that has changed Barton. Am I right?"

This question seemed to disturb Mr. Weston. He frowned, and waited a moment before he replied, rather irritably:

"I do n't know what has changed him. He

puzzles me. He turned squarely around, just about the time he joined the Church. This seems rather significant."

Ralph looked musingly at the electric-light, and presently said:

"I can not believe his religion has anything to do with it. It must be some other influence, of which you do not know. He may have fallen in love. This has power to change some men as nothing else can."

"Perhaps so," assented Mr. Weston. "I should like to understand Barton. He is a manly fellow. I expect him to make his mark, unless he gets too quixotic. His attitude about the time-ticket is simply absurd. I could not stand much of such nonsense."

"Do tell me about it, uncle?" said his nephew, who, with Carl, had been a silent listener to the conversation. "Who is Barton, and what ticket are you talking about?"

For a moment Mr. Weston looked annoyed at this interruption, and then the usual cynical

smile curved his lips as he noticed the youth's expectant face. He replied:

"You are a perfect edition of your mother, Sam. She has more curiosity than any woman I know."

Then he briefly told what the boy wished to hear.

Carl listened as eagerly as did Sam. He had intended to linger only a moment in the library before going to his room to write to his mother. But the introduction of Philip Barton's name had arrested him, and he waited to hear all that was said concerning him.

Sam gave a mocking laugh as his uncle told about the ticket.

"The fellow must be a fool," he said, with boyish emphasis. And then he laughed again, as he added: "I'd be precious glad, if I were in his place, to work only half of every day, and still draw full pay. Catch me holding back about signing any ticket that would pass with the boss, and get the money. Yes, he must be a natural fool. I'd like to see him."

These remarks elicited no response from Mr. Weston, who only frowned as he took up the evening paper, and fell to perusing its columns.

Ralph half closed his eyes as he scrutinized Sam's face and figure for a moment, and then dryly remarked:

"I see you are pitched on the popular key, Sam, and intend to look out for number one. No danger of you and fellows of Barton's type ever becoming cronies."

"I should hope not," his cousin rejoined, "when he is only a common workman, and lacks sense besides."

Carl now said good-night, and he felt a quick thrill of pleasure as Mr. Weston looked up from his paper to flash him a keen and kindly glance from his gray eyes. Ralph gave him a bright smile, and the boy went to his room, feeling that father and son were his true friends.

"I wish they were Christians," he thought, and then it flashed over him for the first time

that the fact that they were not was probably one reason why his father had chosen this house for his home while he was away.

This thought brought a keen sorrow to his heart, but he resolutely banished it as he prepared to settle down to his letter.

On Sabbath morning, while at breakfast, Carl asked:

"Where do you all attend church?"

A dead silence followed this question, until Minnie Taswell spoke:

"I am the only one from this house who goes to church. I attend the big stone church. Dr. Bowman is a splendid minister. I know you will like him."

"She means that for an invitation for you to go to church with her," Ralph said, with an amused smile. "Minnie, although she is a little madcap, is also quite a saint. She has been lecturing me ever since I came home, over my evil ways. She thinks my idle life brands me as a reprobate, and my non-church-

going habit settles the matter of my eternal destination. I am glad she has more promising material in you, Carl."

"Well, I do think it is dreadful that not one of you ever goes to church," the girl exclaimed, with troubled eyes. "I hope Cousin Sam and Carl will be different. You will go with me every Sunday, won't you, to Sabbath-school and church, too?" And she turned anxiously towards Sam.

"I'm afraid not," he said, stifling a yawn. "I'm rather too old for Sunday-school, and the preachers are all so dull I can't listen to them."

Minnie turned her gaze from him to Carl. The latter answered the question he read in her eyes:

"Yes, I will be glad to go with you. What time does Sabbath-school open?"

"At half-past nine. We'll have to hurry, or we will be late."

As they passed together down the street,

Sam remarked to Ralph, with something like a sneer curling his lip:

“So he’s inclined to be pious, is he? Father says we would better always watch such fellows.”

“You can watch that chap all you choose, but you’ll find nothing crooked about him. He is built on the square plan,” was Ralph’s rejoinder, as he turned toward the library.

CHAPTER VII

ADRIFT

THE following week, Ralph Weston so arranged it that he had several long conversations with young Barton. He stood by his side while the latter worked, and asked many questions about the shop, the work, and the workmen.

Philip liked the friendly young aristocrat, and met his advances with frank pleasure.

"I am but a clumsy fellow," he said one day, when Ralph had admired a piece of work upon which he was engaged. "Just watch Lewis. His touch is as delicate as a woman's, yet his strength is enormous."

"Yes. My father tells me Lewis is one of the best workmen in the shop. He has a fine face; far above the average. But he does n't look contented. Mark that frown on his brow at this moment."

Barton glanced across to where Fred was bending over his work; but he made no response to Ralph's remark. The old, troubled look crept into his eyes, and finding him suddenly preoccupied and silent, his visitor soon passed on.

On Saturday, when the pay-hour came, Philip Barton walked up to his employer, and said, in a respectful but resolute tone:

"I have signed the ticket, Mr. Weston, for just the number of hours I have worked. Please tell the foreman to pay me accordingly."

Mr. Weston flushed deeply. He was much annoyed.

"Do you know, Barton, that this is an impertinence? Your action reflects upon the firm, and causes annoyance. A man has been discharged for less than this."

"I am very sorry, sir—indeed I am—to cause you annoyance. But I really can not sign the ticket otherwise than as I have done. I should hate to lose my place; but I shall not

complain, sir, if you think best to discharge me.”*

Philip’s face was very pale as he spoke, and Ralph, who was purposely standing near, saw that the hand which held the ticket trembled.

For an instant, Mr. Weston hesitated. Then he reached for the card. He wrote a line across it, and handed it back.

“You are retained,” he said in a low voice; “but your wages are cut down. Let me advise you, Barton. Shake yourself loose from those mission fanatics. They will make a crank out of you. A crank is always a failure.”

“Thank you, Mr. Weston. You are very kind. I will try and be faithful to you, and to the interests of the firm.”

Philip’s lips quivered with emotion as he turned away. A moment later such a flash of joy irradiated his face that Ralph Weston, who was intently watching him, was actually startled.

*This matter of the time-card was an actual occurrence well known to the author.

What was the secret spring of this young workman's life?

Ralph's curiosity led him to ascertain several facts about him during the days that followed.

Whenever the doors of the Canal Street Mission Chapel were open, Barton was there. He also found that two evenings during each week were spent by Philip in teaching. He had gathered together some of the younger workmen of the shop, and was striving to impart to them a broader English education than they had hitherto enjoyed.

Barton's earlier advantages had been superior to others of his class. His father had been a man of fair education, and also with some intellectual aspirations.

One evening Philip stopped Fred Lewis as he was leaving the shop.

"Won't you join the evening class, Fred? I would like you to help me teach the boys. I am rather crowded. Come and try it to-night. It is pleasant work."

Lewis laughed cynically.

"It must be, with such a set of dolts. No, thank you! It is not in my line. Besides, I have an engagement with Brown."

Philip drew a step nearer.

"Lewis, listen to me, won't you? Drop Brown. I am afraid you are in danger."

"Danger of what?" rejoined the other, with a sneer.

"In danger of many things of which you do not dream. You go to Brady's too often. The firm will hear of it."

"Not unless *you* peach," cried Fred, fiercely. "Who made you a spy over me?"

"I am not a spy, Fred," Barton answered, laying his hand upon the irate young man's arm. "But I love you, and I want to help you. Do listen to me, won't you?"

"No, I won't!" was Fred's reply, as he angrily shook off Philip's hand. "Love me, indeed! You are the worst enemy I have, and seem determined to dog me out of my position at the shop. Now that you have turned out

so pious, I suppose you will think it your duty to inform on the rest of us, who are still in our sins. If I lose my place, I will know whom to thank for it."

Barton stood for a moment, silent. The hopelessness of saving Lewis cut him to the heart.

"Ruined, and through me," was the bitter thought that caused a quick mist of tears to spring to his eyes.

The sight of them seemed the last straw that made Lewis's wrath boil over.

"Hypocrite! Coward!" he hissed. Then he turned on his heel, muttering, "Bah! you make me sick."

The very next week, Ned Brown and Fred Lewis were discharged.

Philip Barton's face wore a deeply-troubled look for many days. Then he sought an interview with Ralph Weston. What was said need not be recorded.

"It's no use, Barton. I understand how you feel; but when father makes up his mind,

there's no changing him. I'll see Lewis, though, and have a talk with him."

As he spoke, Ralph grasped and held the young workman's hand.

"Thank you, sir."

Philip's eyes looked happier than they had done for some days. Then he added, as he took his leave:

"Perhaps a word from you might help him. He won't allow me to come near him. He believes me to be the cause of his discharge. He is a proud fellow, and this disgrace is hard on him. He needs a friend now, if ever a man did."

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE LAKE

CARL and Sam, being unavoidably thrown much together, became better friends than the former had conceived possible. In their walks to and from college, Carl discovered that, though boastful and supercilious, Sam possessed a deep love for the beauties of nature. This proved a bond of sympathy between them, and enabled Carl to overlook many qualities he did not admire.

Several times he had taken a row upon the lake after college hours, but he had never invited Sam to accompany him. He felt a keen enjoyment in handling the oars and managing the boat for himself, and the fascination which water always held for him he instinctively knew would be marred by Sam's presence.

"Cousin Ralph tells me you are an expert

with oars," Sam said to him one Saturday. "Suppose we take a row."

"Yes, do go, and take me with you. I'm not a bit afraid of the water," added Minnie, who was present.

Carl good-naturedly assented, after he found that her aunt was willing for her to accompany them.

"She is accustomed to the water, having spent some time on the Pacific Coast; so I am not afraid to trust her on the lake. She is a good swimmer, and in case of accident could care for herself," Miss Weston said, affectionately patting the young girl's shoulder.

When the trio reached the lake, they found the water quite rough.

"The wind is rather high for rowing," Carl said, doubtfully. "See the whitecaps on the waves out there."

"O, that's nothing," exclaimed Minnie. "It will be fun to have the boat tossed up and down on the waves."

"Miss Weston vouched for the fact that Minnie could swim. Do you also add this to your accomplishments?" Carl asked, with a twinkle in his eyes, as he looked at Sam.

"I do believe you are afraid to go out. I'm not. It is as easy to manage a boat as to eat," was Sam's response.

"I'm glad you are not afraid of little white-caps," said Minnie, with a fond glance toward her cousin.

"O well, if you insist upon going, I'm ready," and Carl laughed. "This boat seems to be stanch and safe. Do you understand rowing?" he asked, turning to Sam. "It will take us both to manage the *Firefly* in such a wind as this. And Minnie must mind the helm."

"Of course I can row. Do you take me for a baby?" Sam's voice was quite scornful.

They were soon off; an extra pair of oars having been brought by Carl from the boat-house near by, to which he had the key.

"You need not begin to row just yet. Wait

until we reach rough water. I will tell you when to commence," Carl said, as they started out.

At first the boat went quite smoothly. Minnie had little trouble with the tiller, and soon learned to manage it nicely. Her cousin explained to her the secret of its use, and she kept the *Firefly* pointed towards a small island in the lake, on which they had decided to land.

But soon the boat reached a point where the wind had full sway. It heaved the frail thing up and down in a manner that delighted Minnie, and that made Carl use his oars vigorously.

"Tell me when you need my help," said Sam. "I am just aching to swing the oars. I believe I have more muscle than you," and he complacently stretched out his arms.

Carl made no response. He turned his head for an instant, and cast his eyes toward Stanly Island, the point for which they were steering.

"I wonder why there are no other boats

out," said Minnie, gazing over the dancing waves. "O I see one; yes, two; but they are going towards the shore." Then, as the boat suddenly plunged sideways in a manner that was not altogether satisfactory to the rower, she cried, "Is n't that delightful?"

"I presume there are not many people who care to go out on this lake when the wind is so high," responded Carl, critically watching the waves. He was rowing almost directly across the wind.

"Why not?" demanded Sam, with a little quiver of fear tugging at his heart.

Carl laughed as he replied:

"O, your Cousin Ralph tells me that 'Silver-mere,' in spite of its pretty name, is sometimes rather naughty, and I suppose the Ridley people are not so fond of roughing it in a stiff wind as are you and your cousin."

As they got farther out, the wind increased. Whitecaps were all about them. Little sheets of spray dashed over them.

Minnie laughed with delight, and bared her

head to the sun and the wind. She seemed a born sailor. Carl now understood why Ralph had called her his "madcap" cousin.

Sam tried to imitate her enthusiasm. But the *Firefly* plunged so dizzily that his head swam. He began to feel thoroughly uncomfortable, yet he gasped out, forcing a smile:

"Yes—it's—quite—jolly."

His heart was rapidly sinking, while his cousin's spirit was rising with every lurch the boat made.

"Now you may take your oars," said Carl, briefly. "Be careful to pull evenly, and time your strokes with mine."

Vain command! Sam's oars flew about, now in and now out of the water, in a most bewildering manner.

"What's the matter with your oars?" asked Minnie, wonderingly. "You are not helping row a bit."

"They—they—twist about so," responded her cousin, helplessly. "I can't think what ails them."

In spite of his anxiety, Carl burst into a laugh. But he controlled himself instantly, and said:

"It's not an easy thing to handle oars in such rough water as this, especially if one is not used to them."

"But your oars go as regularly and smoothly as clockwork," commented Minnie. "Sam's fly about like a weathercock."

Girls are sometimes merciless in their criticisms.

"I—I—it's the fault of the oars," cried Sam, desperately. "I see now where the trouble is. They are too long for the boat."

"They are just the length of Carl's," responded his cousin, calmly inspecting them.

"He'll get the hang of them directly," said Carl. "Hold them firmly. Dip both at the same moment. Not too deep, though."

He hastily added this last precaution, upon seeing that one of Sam's oars went down with all the nervous power of its owner's strong

right arm, while the other skimmed the surface like a bird.

The result was, that the boat nearly went over. It dipped water, and Minnie hastily drew up her feet.

In doing so, she changed her position, and the dory careened dangerously upon the other side, and again took in water.

"Minnie, you must sit still," cried her cousin, excitedly.

"Yes, it will not do to take any risks in such a sea as this," said Carl, quietly. "You might as well put up your oars, Sam. You can't help."

Sam did so, with a sigh of relief.

CHAPTER IX

A TRYING MOMENT

"**H**OW we are drifting!" exclaimed Minnie.
"We are away to the right of the island. Just awhile ago we were to the left."

"Yes, the wind is too strong for us," admitted Carl. His face was flushed, and his breathing labored.

"Poor fellow! You're tired out. It's too bad Sam said he could row, when he could n't."

Her words were both compassionate and merciless. This was gall and wormwood to her cousin.

"But I can row at home," he declared.
"This is such a choppy sea, the oars get all tangled up. I say, Carl," as a wilder gust of wind than before dashed the spray in a blinding sheet over them, "what shall we do?"

We'll never make the island. Let's turn back."

"We can't now. We would never reach the shore," was Carl's reply.

"If—if—you knew there was danger, you—you—sh—should n't have brought us out," stammered Sam, his lips visibly quivering. "I—I'm not scared for my—myself," he added, fancying he saw a look of scorn in Carl's eyes. "But I—I'm anxious about M—Minnie. If the b—boat goes over, what will be—be—be—come of her?"

"For shame!" cried his cousin, the fire of dauntless courage in her glance. "You know we persuaded Carl to come out against his wishes. If the boat should capsize, we could just cling fast to her. I've often read of such things. And you know we can all swim."

By this time Carl was really exhausted. With a few light strokes of his oars he kept the boat's head well up, and gazed critically over the foaming waters.

"If you, Sam, will manage the helm with a steady hand, I can guide her, as she needs it, with the oars. Your cousin can raise her sunshade for a sail. The wind will carry us into that point where you see the opening. It is a nice little cove."

They did as he directed. Minnie opened her large sun-umbrella to catch the wind. Sam held the tiller with a strong hand, and they bowled merrily toward the shore, west of the island.

The boat plunged dizzily, and sheets of spray soon wet the young sailors to the skin.

A fiercer gust of wind than before turned the umbrella inside out, and then tore it from Minnie's grasp. They watched it skim the surface of the lake like a thing possessed of life.

"Never mind," said Carl, dauntlessly. "Keep the helm steady, and we shall make the point all right."

Sam's teeth chattered with fright and with cold, but Minnie and Carl really seemed to enjoy the adventure.

All at once, no one ever knew just how or why, the boat plunged sideways for a moment. It trembled and quivered like a frightened animal, and then went over.

Sam gave a shriek, but Minnie uttered no sound. She just closed her eyes and went under. The next moment all three were floundering in the water.

"H—help—h—help! I'm d—drowning," cried Sam, puffing and flopping about like a great porpoise.

Minnie was quietly clinging to the overturned boat.

Sam kicked and splashed, and again cried out, coughing and half-strangled by the water that entered his open mouth."

"C—C—Carl—where are you? S—s—save—m—me! I'm n—n—not fit t—t—to die—y—yet."

"You're not going to die, Sam. Just put your feet down and walk," said Carl, coolly. "The water is not much above your knees."

And so it proved.

They had drifted into shallow water before they knew it. Had the boat gone over where it was deeper, the consequences might have been serious, especially for Sam, who was too much terrified to use any means towards his own preservation.

They reached the shore in safety, and after walking some two miles, got home without suffering further harm. Minnie was quite gay as they tramped along in the sand, and said they were like shipwrecked people she had read about, and that they must be merry in order to keep out the cold.

"I think your Cousin Ralph was right in calling you a madcap," Carl said to her, as she skipped along by his side, not seeming to mind in the least her wet and clinging skirts. Sam moped behind, shivering and grumbling.

"O, I'm from the Rocky Mountains, you know. We are not like Eastern girls. We love danger. Papa says if I was a boy, he

would make a soldier of me. As I am only a girl, he does not know what to do with me," and Minnie laughed delightfully.

After a time she gave a little cry of dismay, and stopped to scan the lake.

"Suppose that pretty dory is lost?" she lamented. "Then we could not have any more fun on the water. And I want you to teach me how to row. I could learn as easy as not, I know. You see, I am ever so strong."

Carl told her the boat would be picked up and brought home all right. A line put in the morning paper would show whose it was, for her name was clearly painted on her bow.

"And I'll be glad to teach you to handle the oars," he added. "I am sure you will do capitally. Any girl who can face a wind like this when she is dripping wet, and not mind it, ought to become a famous sailor."

Just then the sun, which had been hidden by a bank of clouds, burst forth. Even Sam was aroused into momentary enthusiasm by

the beauty of the golden light as it flooded the tossing waves with its glory.

Great was Miss Weston's consternation when the little party reached home.

"I knew the wind was high," she said, hurrying them to the fire, "but I never dreamed of any danger. Are n't you almost chilled to death?" and she looked searchingly into Minnie's laughing face.

"No, indeed! I'm not one bit cold," the girl assured her. "We walked so fast—indeed we almost ran sometimes—that I am all out of breath. But I'm as warm as hot toast."

Her aunt insisted upon each one taking a warm bath before dry clothing was put on, although Sam declared he had had bathing enough for one day. She also made them drink hot lemonade, and insisted that they must sit by the fire all the rest of the day.

Not one of them caught any cold from their exposure, and even Sam, after the discomfort was over, referred to the experience as "our jolly adventure."

CHAPTER X

TEMPTATION

TO stand practically alone in a godless household, especially in such a home as was Mr. Weston's, where each member possessed such a strong individuality and personal charm as rendered it difficult to withstand the influence exerted, is a supreme test of character.

In a careless way, Ralph had again and again asked Carl to join him in his Sunday drives. Sam was always eager to go, and sometimes in the afternoon, after she had diligently attended Sabbath-school and church, Minnie was persuaded to join them.

It was a clear, crisp, autumnal afternoon, and Carl lingered in the sitting-room, chatting with Minnie. The morning sermon had been rather heavy, and he lacked the stimulus to spiritual life which usually came to him from the Church services.

Ralph, in overcoat and gloves, looked in from the hall, and said:

"Get on your hat and cloak, Minnie; I'm off for a drive to Groverstown. Carl, do come with us to-day. You look as tired and miserable as I feel. A drive in this crisp air will make a new man of you."

"Yes, do go," urged Minnie.

"I can't, for I have to attend our Mission Band this afternoon."

"Cousin Ralph does n't enjoy hearing Sam talk, and you always entertain him so nicely. It can't harm for you to go this once."

Carl hesitated. He felt tempted to accept the cordial invitation; for he knew he was not physically up to his usual standard, and the thought of a brisk ride behind Ralph's spirited bays sent a thrill of pleasure along his nerves.

Seeing his hesitation, Ralph added, with a laugh:

"As a salve to your conscience, I will promise to drop you at the Groverstown Chapel in time for the Young People's Meeting at three

o'clock. Sam and I can go on, and call for you as we come back."

This seemed just the thing, and Carl answered brightly:

"Thank you, I will be glad to go on those conditions. I have wanted to attend that Christian Endeavor Society ever since I heard what a flourishing one it is. I'll be ready in a moment."

Sam was already on the steps waiting as they came out. He whistled as he saw Carl, and said:

"Glad to see you are getting a little more sense, Carl. Hope this is only a beginning of good times for you."

These words rather dampened Carl's spirits, and he thought:

"I wonder if I am letting the banner of Christ trail by going on this ride. Sam looks as triumphant as though I had indorsed his pet theory that the Church of to-day is a failure and a humbug."

But these musings did not long continue.

The bays trotted gayly down the street, and the delight and novelty of the ride took full possession of him. This was the first time he had been in a carriage since he left Nashville.

Some way, Ralph did not seem to care to drive except on the Sabbath, when his friends were on the roads, and the parks were thronged with vehicles and pleasure-seekers.

Ralph had taken him by his side on the front seat, somewhat to Sam's discomfiture, who himself much enjoyed that position.

As they bowled merrily along, Ralph pointed out many objects of interest which Carl had not hitherto seen, and in a kindly and careless way exerted himself to make the drive as agreeable as possible to his young companion.

"There is Philip Barton. See how wretchedly he is looking. He is eating his heart out over that miserable fellow, Lewis."

As he spoke, Ralph drew in his horses just in time to hail Philip, who had turned down

a side street. In answer to his beckoning hand, the young man came up to the carriage.

He looked so gentlemanly in his neat-fitting Sunday suit that Carl scarcely recognized him as the grimy-faced workman he had hitherto only seen in the shop. With genuine pleasure he extended his hand in greeting; for the light in his face brought to the boy's heart a sweet and swift reminder of his mother.

Ralph's greeting was also marked with unwonted warmth. After a few careless inquiries, he said:

"Come with us and take a drive, Barton. You look as if you needed a change. You see, this is father's carriage, and it seats four very comfortably. When I get my new turnout, I won't promise to invite you. It is to hold only two."

"Thank you, but I can't go to-day," was Philip's reply.

"Nonsense; jump in. I have promised to drop Carl at Groverstown, in time for the

Christian Endeavor meeting in the chapel. I can do the same for you if you like, though I advise you to spend the whole afternoon in the open air. Get in, Barton. You really look ill."

Philip smiled, but shook his head.

"Have you heard what a fine Christian Endeavor Society they have at Groverstown?" Carl asked. "I am sure you could be of use in giving a little talk, if you would go. I wish you would."

The young man still smiled as he said, with an earnest glance into Carl's face:

"If I went, it would be for the sake of the ride. The Endeavor meeting would only be a sop for my conscience. Besides, I have an engagement to visit a sick boy who lives down this street. He belongs in the shop, and this is the first chance I have had, since I learned of his sickness, to see him."

"Then you won't go with us?" Ralph said. A tinge of coldness marked his tone.

Philip noticed it, and replied, with genuine regret:

"I am very sorry to have to refuse your kind invitation. But the truth is, my creed will not permit me to take pleasure-rides on the Sabbath. You are very, very kind to me, Mr. Ralph, but my Captain comes first, and I must not do what will grieve him."

"Of course, you must act your own pleasure," Ralph coldly responded, tightening his grasp upon the reins.

Quick as a flash, Carl leaped from the carriage, just as the horses started. In surprise, Ralph drew them up. Before he could utter a word the boy spoke:

"Do excuse my seeming rudeness, Mr. Ralph. But this young man's words are like a mirror. They show me my own heart, and that I am breaking solemn vows by taking this drive. I thank you with all my heart for your kindness, but I must not ride any farther."

Ralph looked into the two earnest faces before him in mute astonishment. The feeling of anger and resentment which was struggling for mastery in his bosom melted away under the light he saw in their eyes.

"Well, Carl, I call this a case of barefaced desertion of a comrade in the hour of need," he exclaimed with a half laugh, which ended in a chirp to his horses. The next moment the carriage rolled on, and Carl turned to Philip, saying:

"How I thank you for those brave words! May I go with you to visit the sick boy?"

"Indeed you may, and I shall be delighted to have you with me," was Barton's hearty answer.

As they walked down the street together, he told Carl the sorrow that was pressing upon his heart because of Fred Lewis.

"He is sinking deeper into the gulf of ruin every day, and I am powerless to help him. Mr. Ralph is doing what he can, but that is not much."

As the carriage passed on its way after leaving Carl standing by Barton's side on the curbstone, Sam gave a mocking laugh, saying:

"Carl is a bigger fool than I thought. I pity a chap like that."

"You need not waste your pity on him. He and Barton are about the happiest fellows I know," was his cousin's reply, given in a sharper tone than Sam had ever before heard him use.

Sam kept silent for a while, for he saw that Ralph was just then in no mood for conversation. The latter found himself saying to his inner self:

"I wish I knew the secret of Barton's life. In spite of his grief over Lewis, his heart is singing like a bird. I can see it in that strange light that never leaves his face. And Carl has a little of the same thing. I'd give half of my earthly possessions to get such a joy as that into my soul."

Before Carl retired that night, he wrote a

brief letter to his mother. He recounted his afternoon's experience, and then said:

"I am now conscious that I was on the drift, and that Barton's words stopped me. Where I might have gone if I had not been thus arrested, no one can tell. It is your prayers, mother, that saved me. I feel that they are encircling me like a girdle. How I thank God to-night for a praying mother!"

CHAPTER XI

“THEM THAT HONOR ME, I WILL HONOR ”

WORK continued as usual in the shop till the middle of December. Then, without warning, it shut down for a three months' rest.

Times were hard, and in order to avoid embarrassment, Mr. Weston decided that this was his best course.

Ralph was given the books to examine, and was told to find out exactly how the firm stood.

If there was discontent among the operatives, they did not show it. They had confidence in their employer, and knew, as soon as the times permitted, the shop would again open, and employment be given them.

A little light work was continued, and five workmen were retained. Included in the five

was Philip Barton.* The other four were skilled operatives. He was not.

Why was he preferred when there were so many others better fitted for the delicate work in hand than he?

Philip asked himself this question many times when he found out his good fortune.

"I give it up," he murmured at last. "It's just my Captain who has done it, out of his great love for one of the weakest of his soldiers."

Mr. Weston said to his son:

"I have made up my mind on one point. In spite of his quixotic notions, Philip Barton shall never go out of this shop if I can help it. A young man who will calmly give up a part of his wages, and run the risk of losing his place to boot, rather than do what he considers a wrong thing, is worth keeping. I came near sending him adrift at the time, for it was very provoking for him to face me out

* This, as well as the matter of the ticket, is strictly true.

as he did; but I begin to understand him better. I am glad I kept him."

"So am I," Ralph rejoined, with great heartiness. "He is the most reliable man in the shop. He would go through fire and water to save the firm from loss or disgrace. I have never taken such a fancy to any fellow as I have to Barton. He is a rare character."

"Do you know he is trying to move heaven and earth to save that worthless Lewis?" the elder man asked.

"I know he is deeply interested in his reform," Ralph replied. He did not confide to his father how Philip was ever urging him to follow the prodigal in his downward course with the hope of reclaiming him. Nor did he tell of the many nights when he himself had voluntarily given up his seat by the cheery open fire in the luxurious library to seek the wanderer, and induce him to go with him to his home.

"Do you know that Barton's religion, laugh at it as you will, is the most remarkable thing

I have ever seen?" Mr. Weston continued: "It is that and nothing else, in my opinion, which has turned him into another man. I am more and more convinced of this. Some supernatural power must be behind that fellow. If there were more such Christians as he is proving himself to be, cheery and faithful, I might begin to look into religion myself."

Ralph did not laugh. Indeed, he was pondering many things in his heart these days, of which he did not speak.

The following Saturday night an interested observer might have seen the light in Philip Barton's room burning until a much later hour than usual. The young man had knelt by his couch a long time, when he suddenly arose, whispering:

"Yes, it is all clear now. I see my duty plainly."

Then he got out writing materials, and hastily wrote a brief note. It was noticeable that he disguised his handwriting. This note he addressed to Fred Lewis's mother, who,

like his own mother, was a widow. She was wholly dependent upon Fred's wages for her support.

Into this letter he placed two five-dollar bills. The light on his face was wonderfully bright as he said to himself, while sealing this missive:

"This means the giving up of my most cherished plan. But it is for Him, and he will bring me out all right. How glad I am that he showed me so plainly what I ought to do!"

Then he prepared for bed, and in a brief time the light in his room was out, and he was sweetly sleeping.

About this period, Lewis's career took such a plunge as seemed to all who observed him could only end in utter destruction.

All restraint was thrown off. Whatever influence Ralph Weston up to this time had exerted over him now seemed lost. Utter recklessness possessed him. Mortification, shame, wrath, and despair were doing their deadly work.

Possibly the knowledge that his mother was suffering for the necessities of life, while he was wantonly squandering what little he had laid by from his earnings while he had employment, only added momentum to his downward course. All true manhood seemed to have faded. Only the desperate animal was left.

Even Brown now became disgusted with his companion's wild orgies, and deserted him.

Every one interested in him lost hope, with the exception of Philip Barton. He still held on to the Throne for him in believing prayer.

He had asked Carl, who made it a point to see Barton at least once every week, to join him at a certain hour each day in an earnest petition for the reckless young man.

"Take this promise as the basis of prayer," he said, taking out his little pocket Testament, and turning to Matthew xviii, 19: "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall

ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Philip added:

"Here is a clear and distinct promise. God is faithful, and must hear and answer us, no matter how hopeless the case seems. Christ is more interested in saving a soul than we are to see that soul saved; so we may be certain that he is pleading for him and for us."

Philip's faith offered just the help that Carl needed, and this promise to join him in earnest petition for Lewis proved a great blessing to the boy. It kept him near to Christ, and caused his heart to listen for his assuring voice with an intensity of hope he had never before experienced.

The very next Saturday after Philip had sent his unsigned letter to Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Weston came and stood for many minutes beside his bench while he was at work. This was such an unusual occurrence that the young man felt a sudden fear struggling at his heart lest he might, unwittingly, have given

offense to his kind but rather choleric employer.

But Mr. Weston's first words dispelled this dread.

"Barton," he said, "I think I understand you now better than I did awhile ago. Here is something I feel is due you. Hereafter you will draw your full wages."

He placed an envelope in Philip's hand, and walked away. Barton opened it, and found that it contained every penny of the wages that had been cut down.

"My Captain, I thank thee!" he breathed, while a sudden mist dimmed his eyes.

CHAPTER XII

DANGER

THE dory was recovered, as Carl had prophesied, and many were the delightful hours, when the weather permitted, that he and Minnie spent upon the water.

The winter thus far had been a peculiarly open one, and scarcely a Saturday had come when it was too cold for a row.

Sometimes Sam joined them, but usually he sought other society.

"I do n't like that Hale boy who goes with Sam so much," Minnie one day remarked to Carl, as she rested upon her oars, and allowed the boat to drift with the wind.

"He is not specially prepossessing," Carl replied. "I do n't see what Sam finds about him so entertaining. They are together these days most of the time."

"How does he stand in his classes?" the girl asked.

"O medium. I don't think Professor Fisher likes him, though. He has spoken sharply to him several times of late. I wish Sam had not taken such a fancy to him."

"Look! Isn't that Sam now in that boat over there?" Minnie suddenly inquired, indicating a dory that was to their right, and which had come quite close to them before they observed it.

"Yes, and that is Clarence Hale with him," Carl answered, in surprise. "When I asked Sam to come out with us, he said the day was too raw to go on the water. He seems to have changed his mind."

"And there is another boat, a larger one, following Sam's. There are three young men in that one. Do you know them?"

Carl studied their faces a moment before he replied:

"Yes. They are all college boys. But they are Seniors. One is Knox Purtle, one is

Robert Sawyer, and the other is—yes, it is Cliff Holloway. I hope Sam is not taking up with him.”

“Why?” Minnie questioned.

“O—well—I do n’t fancy him,” the boy responded. He did not add what he knew to be true, that this young man was considered the wildest spirit in Norwood.

“Sam must see us, yet he does n’t seem to notice,” the girl said, after a moment’s silence.

She took out her handkerchief and waved it vigorously; but the youths in the two boats seemed blind to the challenge.

They rowed rapidly beyond view, behind a curve in the shore of the lake, never seeming to notice the little dory and its two inmates.

That night Minnie said to her cousin:

“Why did n’t you speak to us to-day, Sam, when you passed so near us?”

Sam opened his eyes wide, in evident surprise.

“When did I pass you? I thought you went out on the lake.”

"Do n't pretend that you did not see us," the girl said, petulantly. "Your boat was so near to us that you could n't have helped knowing us."

Sam gave a low whistle.

"Well, if here is not another case of mistaken identity. I wonder who the fellow is. I did n't know before that my 'double' was in Ridley."

"And you mean to say that you were not out with that Hale boy on the lake this afternoon, just before sunset?" his cousin asked, incredulously.

"How could I be, seeing I was out buggy-riding with Hal Tracy at that identical time?" Sam replied, stretching himself lazily.

In a few moments he arose, and left the room. Before he closed the door he said, in an annoyed tone:

"Look here. Do n't go to mixing me up again with some fellow who may be one of the roughs of the town for all you know. Use your eyes to better purpose. It seems to me

you ought to know your own cousin by this time, Minnie."

Carl had been a silent listener to this conversation. Minnie looked at him questioningly as Sam disappeared.

"Who in the world could it have been?" she inquired, seeing that Carl did not speak. "I thought it strange that Sam would not answer my handkerchief call. My! I must be more careful another time. Think of my waving to an entire stranger."

Carl smiled, but made no reply. He, too, soon left the room.

"If that was not Sam Weston in that boat, then my name is not Carl Bachman," he said to himself, as he reached the seclusion of his own room. After some moments of silent meditation, he added, half aloud:

"I'm afraid Sam is no good. He has got in with the worst fellows in college. He is not of much account at the best, but for his uncle's sake and Minnie's, I wish he had chosen a different crowd. Where could they have been

going that he wished to keep it a secret? Cliff Holloway is said to drink and gamble like anything. I wish I knew how to help Sam. I'm afraid he is in danger."

This impression was not removed by a little incident that occurred a few days later.

As he was going to his room one night for an evening of hard study, Sam met him in the hall. He had on his overcoat, and seemed about to go out on the street.

"You are the very fellow I want to see," he exclaimed, jocularly. Then, coming up close to Carl, he said, in a low tone:

"Lend me five dollars, will you? I'm out, and I need some money at once."

Involuntarily, Carl said:

"Out of money? How is that possible, Sam? You showed me twenty dollars in your purse only a few days ago."

The other laughed.

"I've had to pay that out. I owed some bills. Come, be a good fellow, and fork over

a five. I'll pay you out of my next allowance."

Without pausing to reflect, Carl did as he was requested. Sam thanked him, and turned away. But he came back to say, in a low voice:

"Do n't speak of this to uncle or to Cousin Ralph. They might be disagreeable, and consider me extravagant. But I am all right, and you shall have your money back soon."

No sooner had the outer door closed upon Sam than Carl regretted the loan. After a moment's hesitation he hurried to the steps, half determined to recall it. But Sam was some distance down the street, and by his side walked two young men. They must have been waiting for him. One was Clarence Hale; the other, Carl felt almost sure, was Cliff Holloway.

With a weight upon his heart, he settled down to his books.

It is true that, personally, he cared very

little for Sam. But here was a young life, the hope and pride of a mother's heart, who, to all appearance, had chosen the wrong road, and was traveling rapidly its downward way.

"Is it strange," he mused, "when, from his own lips, I know his father to be a skeptic and a reviler of Christ? And his mother, as truly as she loves him, is still only a fashionable woman of the world. Thank God for my mother! What do I not owe to her, and to her teaching and her prayers?"

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE WEE SMA' HOURS

CARL had hoped to be allowed to spend the holiday season at home. But Mr. Bachman wrote that a business engagement would take him to Florida just at that season, and he had decided to take his wife with him.

"She is not looking as well as usual," he said. "She is not sick; only a little nervous. I am sure a month in the far South will benefit her, although she protests she does not need a change. So, my dear boy, you must make up your mind to pass your vacation with your kind friends in Ridley. This may prove a disappointment to you, but you will not mind it when you know it is for the sake of your mother's health."

Carl's disappointment was keener than he cared to confess. A little feeling of uneasiness about his mother had stabbed him several

times of late when reading her letters. She did not speak of being ill, but often complained of weariness and loneliness, and had seemed to buoy herself up with the certain prospect of having her boy with her during Christmas week.

"It would help her more to have me home again than all the trips father can give her," he thought, with tears welling to his eyes.

His heart instinctively divined the truth, that it was her unspoken longing for her child's presence that rendered her weak and nervous.

"How little father understands her!" he mused, almost bitterly. "Yet he fairly idolizes her; and well he may. There never was another woman like her, never! How good God was to give me such a mother!"

And then he fell upon his knees, and besought his Heavenly Father's care and protection over this tenderly-loved parent. He never failed to pray for his father whenever he offered a petition for her, for in his early child-

hood she had made him promise this. But there was a fervency and passion about his pleadings for her which did not mark the others.

The Weston household was much pleased to have Carl among them for the holidays. He was a favorite with each one. Even Sam, while he mocked at his piety and ridiculed many of his opinions, thoroughly liked him.

Handsome presents came to him from both parents, and every member in the new home circle gave him some pretty holiday remembrance. Minnie's touched him deeply. It was a lovely card set in a suitable frame, on which she had painted a bunch of lilies and a superb rose. Under these she had traced, in delicate lettering, these words:

"He is 'the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.' "

He found a piece of paper slipped under the edge of the frame, on which was written:

"He is so much to you, Carl, that you are teaching me to know Him and to love Him as

I never did before. I think I can say now, that He is to me what I am sure He has been to you for a long time, 'the chiefest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely.'—MINNIE."

Carl placed this little note among his cherished treasures, and hung the dainty memento beside his mirror.

"I want it where I can see it every time I look in the glass," he thought. "Then I shall see Him, and my deepest thought and desire will constantly be to be transformed into His glorious image."

One afternoon, the very last one of the holidays, Miss Weston placed two tickets in Carl's hand, saying:

"I have a favor to ask of you. Minnie is extremely anxious to hear the Princeton Glee Club. It will only be in the city this one night. Ralph and Sam both plead engagements. Will I be asking too much of you, if I beg you to come to my help? I would take the child

myself, but my neuralgia forbids my going out."

Without a moment's hesitation, Carl assured her it would give him great pleasure to go with Minnie, and that he would be delighted to hear the Glee Club himself.

He knew it meant for him sitting up until the "wee sma' hours," unless he went to the college on the morrow with some of his lessons unlearned. This he had never yet done, and he felt he could not afford to break his record for high scholarship.

It proved a delightful evening, and the music was even more enjoyable than he had anticipated. Minnie was in one of her gayest moods, and, in spite of the prospect of three hours of hard study when he got to his room, he was glad Miss Weston had given him an opportunity for the outing.

As they were on their way home, four youths came out of a saloon just as they passed the door. It was one of those gilded palaces

through whose open portals myriads of young men annually drop into perdition.

"That boy in the light overcoat is Sam," Minnie whispered. The recognition startled her.

A moment later she recovered herself, and said aloud:

"Won't you come with us, Sam? We are just on our way home from the Glee Club."

The owner of the light overcoat was immediately in front of her. He gave a start, and half turned around. His profile was distinctly visible in the bright electric-light.

Surely it was Sam.

But he quickly pulled his hat lower over his eyes, and hurried on. His three companions kept pace with his accelerated steps, and they soon passed out of sight.

Minnie lifted a troubled face to Carl.

"Surely that was Sam. Or was it his 'double?'"

"You can ask him in the morning," was Carl's evasive answer. He knew it was Sam;

and he also knew that the young fellow did not mean to admit his identity.

"That was Cliff Holloway who held his arm, and Rob Sawyer and Clarence Hale were the two in front," he mused, with contracted brow.

"Of course, it could not have been Sam, else he would have spoken to us when I called him," Minnie now said, drawing a long breath. "But I never saw such a wonderful resemblance before. Even the coat was exactly like Sam's; fur collar and all."

Late that night, it was long past midnight, as Carl was poring over his Greek, the sound of stealthy steps ascending the stairs aroused him.

"Is it a burglar?" he thought, with pulses quickened by the surmise.

He quietly arose and placed his ear to the crack of the door. Yes, there was no doubt but that stealthy steps were drawing nearer. He looked about him. He saw no weapon of defense save his four-pound dumb-bells, with

which he exercised himself every morning before he dressed. He noiselessly seized one of these, and waited until the steps were immediately in front of his door. Then he swung it open, and discovered a figure which instantly cowered down, as though trying to escape from the blaze of light which streamed over him from Carl's electric globe.

CHAPTER XIV

DISCOMFITED

THE shrinking, cowering figure was Sam.

Carl could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes. He walked up to him, saying, in a stern voice:

“Sam, are you crazy or drunk, that you come stealing in like a burglar at this late hour?”

Sam raised his hand warningly, and whispered:

“D—do n’t speak so l—loud. Some one will h—hear you.”

Carl drew him, unresistingly, into his room.

Once inside and the door closed, the shrinking figure straightened up, and Sam said in an injured tone:

“Th—the idea of your thinking I was d—drunk, Carl. I thought you were a

b—better friend to me than to s—suspect me of anything so—d—disgraceful.”

Carl looked him keenly in the eyes. Like the culprit he was, Sam’s gaze dropped to the floor in confusion.

“Sam, you are so drunk you can’t even stand steady. Your breath is like a bar-room. Unless you get to bed soon, you will become helpless, and have to sleep on the floor.”

Carl’s tone was marked with strong disgust.

Sam whined out:

“I—I only drank a l—little wine and b—beer.” Then he came close to Carl, and added in a beseeching voice:

“D—do n’t you t—tell on me, C—Carl. I—I ’m all right—all—r—r—right.”

“Will you solemnly promise me, Sam, that you will give up Cliff Holloway and Hale, if I will keep this disgraceful affair from your uncle?” Carl asked. “Unless you do, and unless you keep the promise, it will be my duty to inform on you.”

Not one moment did Sam hesitate. "Y—y—yes, I'll promise. I—I d—do n't care for them anyway. T—they are c—cheats and l—l—liars, and I'm s—s—sick of 'em."

He looked sincere, and Carl, knowing that this estimate of them was the truth, felt a hope that Sam would really keep his word. He said:

"Very well. Now that is a bargain. If I find you running with them any more, I shall be free to tell Mr. Weston all I know about you and them. And this is more, Sam, than you think."

A look of cunning crossed Sam's face, and he muttered sulkily:

"Y—you think you're v—v—very smart. B—but I've th—th—thrown sand in y—your eyes m—mor'n you g—guess." Then, seeing the stern look in Carl's eyes, he hastened to add:

"I—I won't d—d—do it again, C—C—Carl. You—"

"Come, you must get to bed," Carl inter-

rupted, taking hold of his arm. "I'll go with you."

The unhappy youth swayed so unsteadily as he attempted to walk, that Carl had to place an arm about him, and almost carry him down the hall to his room.

He remained with him, assisting in getting off his clothing and preparing for bed, until he saw him safely between the sheets. Then he hastened to his own room, and sat down before his grate with a troubled face.

Sam did not appear at the breakfast-table next morning. He sent word by Jake, the bell-boy, that he "had a bad cold, and did not feel like eating anything."

Carl heard this message with compressed lips.

"Poor fellow! I must go up at once, and look after him," Miss Weston compassionately said. "His mother would be frightened half to death if he fell ill while away from home."

"His door is locked, ma'am, an' he won't



CARL CONDUCTING SAM TO HIS ROOM

let nobody come in," Jake said. "He 'lows he 'll be down to dinner; but he says he wants to sleep, and do n't want no one to 'sturb him."

"Better let him alone," Mr. Weston said. "Sam is a strong, healthy fellow. A little cold won't hurt him. Let him have a good sleep, and he will be all right. I'm sorry for him to miss college, though. He has been running around too much during the holidays. I must put the reins on him."

Carl was glad to hear the last words, and devoutly hoped Mr. Weston would carry out his threat.

At dinner Sam's face looked so pale, and his manner was so languid, in spite of his evident effort to appear as usual, that both Minnie and Miss Weston felt troubled.

Their interest only annoyed him, and he said, impatiently:

"As if a fellow could n't have a little headache without being dangerously sick. I hate being fussed over. Women are so silly."

"Samuel, you forget yourself."

Mr. Weston's tone was so stern that Sam was startled.

"You will remember never to speak again in that way of a lady," his uncle continued. "And now let me lay down some plain rules for you. You are running about too much. This must be stopped. Attend closely to your studies, and leave your sight-seeing until college closes. I shall hereafter expect you to spend two hours each evening in your room over your lessons. Please bear these words in mind."

"Yes, sir," Sam meekly responded.

He had a wholesome fear of his uncle, and he did not care to brave his displeasure.

He cast a sidelong glance at Carl, which the latter interpreted as a reminder that he should observe the compact of the previous night.

All things taken into consideration, Carl felt hopeful that Sam's course would now change. He knew him to be at heart a cow-

ard, in spite of his boastful air and supercilious ways.

Mr. Weston's words seemed indeed, at this crisis, like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," and Carl was sure his nephew would think twice before he disregarded them.

CHAPTER XV

ON SKATES

THE weather for the next month was intensely cold. The *Firefly* was locked away in the boathouse, and rowing became an experience of the past.

Minnie was an expert on the ice, and after the lake became frozen over there was no lack of enjoyment for those young people who did not fear the cold. Carl, being a Southern boy, knew little of the pleasure to be found on skates. He could, it is true, manage to skim along very well if the ice was perfectly smooth, and no one interfered with him. But to watch the intricate and graceful curves and figures which Minnie, and even Sam, executed upon the ice was bewildering to him.

All his leisure time was now given to learning to manage his skates as perfectly as he managed his oars.

Sam, good-naturedly, offered to teach him all that he himself knew. And Carl gladly availed himself of this kindness. He was glad to keep Sam with him; for he could see that Hale and Holloway were restive under his desertion, and he dreaded a renewal of the former intimacy.

Before a month was over, the Southern boy could keep abreast with his teacher; but Minnie still kept in the lead.

It was exciting sport, and Carl found it more fascinating than any pleasure he had ever before known.

Ralph sometimes joined them, and even Mr. Weston jocularly said one day that he had half a mind to take a turn with them, and risk a broken limb for the sake of "auld lang syne."

His sister, believing his words were spoken in earnest, exclaimed:

"Now, John, do be sensible, and stay at home. How strange it would look to see a man of your age and dignity curveting about

on skates! And imagine what a shock it would be to have you measuring your length upon the ice. If any of your employees should see you, they would never stand in awe of you again."

These words afforded Ralph much amusement, and Mr. Weston gravely said, but with a merry twinkle in his eye:

"Very true. In deference to you, I will forego my frolic. I had even thought of asking you to join me, for I vividly recall our last skating exploit together. Do you?"

Miss Weston's cheeks grew quite pink, as she replied:

"Certainly I do. We were having a race on the Hoosatic River, and in some way we got tangled up, and both fell in a heap on the ice, just as a large party of skaters came around the bend. I remember it as plainly as if it were only yesterday it happened."

This reminiscence proved so delightful to Sam and Minnie, that they clamored for others. It was unusual to see Mr. Weston

in his present genial mood, and the young people determined to make the most of it.

A happy hour was spent in hearing him and Miss Weston recall scenes from other days. Carl noticed that a softer light beamed in Mr. Weston's eyes, as he looked upon his sister during these word-sketches from the past, than the boy had ever before seen in their keen depths.

The next Saturday afternoon, Carl and Sam, preceded by Minnie, might have been seen by any interested observer a long distance from the little pier near Ralph's boat-house. They were skimming over the ice at a most lively rate of speed.

Suddenly Minnie turned and faced her pursuers.

"Let us go around the bend yonder, and investigate a little. I have never been on shore at that point."

"No; let us turn back," Sam quickly rejoined; and Carl as quickly said: "Yes, let us make a tour of investigation."

Reluctantly Sam acquiesced, and they soon passed beyond the curve in the shore, and came in sight of a solitary building standing on the bank of the lake.

"It was around this bend that those two boats came last fall," Minnie said, looking with keen interest about her. "Your 'double' was in one of them, Sam. I can scarcely believe yet that it was not really you."

Sam made no response, and Carl said, looking at the house:

"This building is called 'The Hunter's Lodge.' It is owned by a club, Mr. Ralph once told me, who in the hunting season have fine sport out here shooting ducks. Halloo! there is smoke coming out of the chimney. Wonder who is there at this time of the year."

"I am going home. It is cold enough to freeze a fellow," Sam exclaimed. "Come on. Let us see who will beat on the home stretch."

"Wait a little," his cousin answered. "I want to peep in at the window, and see who is there. May be they are gypsies."

"Gypsies do n't stay about up here in winter," was Sam's rejoinder. "Better come. I 'm off."

He would listen to no entreaties, but faced about homeward, and glided away, urging them to follow.

"Come on, Carl. I 'm going to peep in at that window, and see who in the world is staying in this out-of-the-way place in such weather as this," Minnie said, sitting down on the ice, and loosening her skates.

They soon stole noiselessly up the bank, and to the window.

"You look in first," Minnie whispered, drawing back a step. Carl nodded, and peered in. Only a moment, and then he laid a hand on Minnie's arm, and almost forcibly turned her away.

"Do n't look in," he said, in a low whisper. "It is a lot of fellows drinking, and they might see you."

They hastened to put on their skates, and were soon gliding swiftly homeward.

"Who could they have been?" Minnie said, with a slight shiver, after they had rounded the curve.

"O, some worthless fellows, who have come out to this lonely place to gamble and drink, and not be found out," Carl answered.

His thoughts were running on in somewhat this fashion:

"That was Holloway, and Hale, and Sawyer, and Purtle. They were going to that place to gamble when Sam was with them last fall. That is why he was afraid to own up that it was he. And he knows they still go there is why he turned back just now, and was so anxious for us to go with him. He was deeper in the net than I supposed. Well, I hope he is safe now."

CHAPTER XVI

A NARROW ESCAPE

THE next Saturday Carl went down to the shop about the time he thought Philip Barton would be free. He wanted to have a long talk with him.

Philip met him with unwonted cordiality, saying, as they passed out upon the street:

"I have wanted to see you all the week. I am afraid Mr. Weston's nephew is in bad company."

Quite startled, Carl answered:

"Why do you think so?"

"In trying to follow Lewis, and help him if I can, I stumbled upon the boy in company with a set of gamblers not long ago. I knew him at once, for I have often seen him out riding on Sunday with Mr. Ralph."

"How long ago was this?" Carl asked.

"Not more than a week."

"Are you sure it was Sam?"

"Quite sure. He was with other young fellows, but all were older than he. They were drinking champagne together."

Carl fell to musing, and they walked some distance in silence.

"I knew he and you were in college together," Philip resumed, "and I thought it better to tell you than Mr. Weston. You might influence the boy without his knowing that you suspected him. Mr. Weston is a very high-tempered man, and if he knew that a nephew of his visited a saloon he would be very hard on him."

"That is true," assented Carl.

"Severity is sometimes the best thing, but often kindness will save a boy of that age. He has a nice face, but weak."

"That is Sam's trouble. He is weak, and some wild fellows have got hold of him, and are leading him the wrong way. I hoped he had given them up," and Carl sighed.

"I am taking you down one of our worst

streets," Philip said, with a smile. "I always go home this way now. Along here is where Lewis lounges so much, and I am always hoping to get a word with him."

"Is there no change in him?" Carl inquired, with quick interest.

"None for the better. He seems lost to all sense of honor and manliness. It is awful to see how swiftly he is traveling the downward road."

At this moment the sound of angry voices came to them from a saloon they were passing. Philip paused.

"That is Fred's voice now," he said. "He is in a quarrel."

The door swung open, and two youths came hurriedly out. One of them said:

"I 'm not goin' ter stay where a feller draws er knife like that. Some one will git kilt afore we knows what's er happenin', an' the perlice will haul us up fur witnesses."

"I 'm going in," Philip said to Carl. "I had a glimpse through the door of Fred. He

has a knife. Perhaps I can save him from murder."

He pushed open the door, and disappeared. Involuntarily Carl followed him, pausing just inside the threshold.

A horrid sight met his gaze. Fred Lewis held a long knife in his hand, and was making furious passes at a man much older than himself, who, in an ineffectual way, seemed trying to defend himself. Carl saw blood upon the man's face.

Several men stood around, either too much frightened to try to part the combatants, or enjoying the brutalizing spectacle.

Philip Barton stepped quickly between Lewis and his victim, and caught the young fellow's arm in a grip of steel.

"Put up your knife, Fred," he said, in an authoritative tone.

For a moment Lewis was too much surprised to move.

Then, with an oath, he tried to wrest himself free.

"Curse you! curse you!" he muttered, a new ferocity gathering in his eyes as he recognized Philip. "I'd rather cut your heart out, you hypocrite, you sneak, than eat my supper."

With a furious exertion of strength he tore himself loose from Barton's grasp, and raised his knife, with murder in heart and face.

But Philip was too quick for him. He sprang aside, and then caught Fred's arm as it descended. There was a fierce struggle. Then Carl saw the knife hurled swiftly across the room, while Barton said:

"Give up your struggling, Fred. You are disarmed, and I intend to take you home and lock you up."

"That's right," said the keeper of the saloon, now coming forward. "He's a troublesome fellow. I wish you would take him away. These men will help you now the knife is out of the way, if you say so."

But Fred had now grown passive. Rage and drink were telling upon his stalwart

frame. He looked sullenly into Philip's face, saying:

"So you're at your old tricks, are you, spying upon me? I'll kill you yet. You've got my knife away this time, but I'll have another chance."

The intense hatred in his tone and face made Carl shiver.

"Will you go home with me quietly, Fred?" Philip asked. "Or must I call a policeman, and place you in his charge?"

"Better not trust him. He is a dangerous fellow," one of the men now said.

"I know Lewis. If he gives me his word, he'll keep it to the death," was Barton's reply. "I'm waiting for your promise, Fred," he continued.

"I'm ready enough to go home," Fred sullenly said.

"But will you go with me quietly, and give me no trouble?" persisted Philip.

"Yes, I will. But you look out in the future. I've a heavy account to settle with you,

and I 'm going to attend to it. I always try to pay my debts, even if I am only a poor devil, and this is one I sha'n't forget."

Barton, as he took Fred's arm and started towards the door, for the first time saw that Carl had followed him into the saloon.

"This is no place for you," he said. "Get away as quickly as you can."

"But I would rather go along with you," the boy said. "I do n't like to leave you alone with him."

Fred eyed him from head to foot, and then said:

"I 'm half-drunk and I 'm disgraced, but I have n't fallen so low as to break my word yet. I sha'n't hurt Barton to-day. Better go home, as he says, and keep away from such places as this. A dandy like you do n't seem to fit in here just right," and he gave a hoarse laugh.

Philip's lips framed the word "go," and Carl hastened out into the frosty air, feeling that he had just had a glimpse into perdition.

CHAPTER XVII

TIGHTENING MESHES

PERPLEXED as to his duty concerning Sam, in view of what Philip had told him, Carl pondered the matter several days before he arrived at a decision.

Then he tried to get an opportunity to see Sam when he was by himself. But this he found it difficult to do. Either the young fellow suspected what Carl was after, or he had no relish for a private interview after that afternoon upon the ice. Minnie had told him about the young men whom Carl had seen drinking and gambling in the Lodge, and he had seemed to avoid him ever since.

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser," the latter thought with a sigh, as he noted how adroitly Sam managed to evade being alone with him. "His manner corroborates what Barton told me. He acts like a fellow

who is guilty, and who is trying to hide it. O, how I wish I could see mother, and ask her what I ought to do!"

As this was impossible, he decided at last to visit Sam in his room, after he was settled there for his usual three hours' study at night.

The time set apart for study had been recently lengthened by Mr. Weston, in view of Sam's low college reports; and it was understood that no one of the household was to interrupt him, unless it was a case of necessity.

"This is certainly a case of necessity," Carl said to himself, as he quietly passed down the hall, and knocked at Sam's door.

"What is wanted?" Sam asked.

"I want to see you for a little while," was Carl's answer.

"Can't do it. I am deep in mathematics, and can't be interrupted."

"But I won't stay long, Sam. You must let me in," Carl insisted.

"There's no 'must' about it," the young fellow answered, slipping back the bolt of the

door, and opening it a few inches. "Say what you have to say out there. You know uncle's orders, that I was not to be interrupted while at study."

"Yes, but this is about something that can not wait," Carl said. "I must either see you to-night, or go to your uncle with what I have to say."

After a moment's hesitation, Sam slowly opened the door, saying, sulkily:

"You are a deucedly rude fellow, I must say, to force me to let you in against my wishes."

"Yes, I know it is rude to force myself upon you in this way; but I have to do it." Then he added, slowly, "Why is it that you avoid me of late?" and he looked earnestly into Sam's eyes.

As usual, those uncandid orbs at once dropped under this keen scrutiny, and their owner muttered:

"Who's avoiding you, I'd like to know?"

It seems to me I see you quite as often as is agreeable."

Carl sighed, and glanced about the room. If Sam had been studying, there was no sign of it now. A yellow-back novel lay upon the table. He picked it up, and read: "A Taste of Real Life; or, Captive to a Woman's Smile."

He spoke not a word, but again looked into Sam's face. The latter moved about uneasily.

"Say what you've got to say, and then leave me alone," he said, in a surly tone.

Another swift glance around the room discovered Sam's overcoat and hat lying on the bed. This fact, while it gave Carl a momentary feeling of surprise, for the overcoats and wraps were always hung in the lower hall, at the moment made no special impression upon him.

At last he said:

"My errand with you is a disagreeable one, Sam. First, I want to ask you if you have kept the promise you made me about wholly giving up Hale and Holloway?"

"Of course I have," and Sam's tone evinced relief. "If this is all you 've got to say, it won't keep you long."

"But that is not all," Carl replied, going up closer to him, and laying a hand upon his arm. "I was told a day or two ago that you have been seen visiting saloons at night with these fellows during the past ten days."

"That is false!" Sam exclaimed, angrily. "Who told you such a lie?"

"Never mind who told me. I have reason to believe that it is true, and that you are trying to bluff me, Sam."

"Look here, Carl. What you say is an insult. But you mean all right, so I'll excuse you," the other responded, in an injured tone. "You've got good sense. Will you please tell me how I could run with Hale and Holloway when I am virtually kept a prisoner in this room every night? Uncle and Ralph are watching me as closely as though I was a prisoner of war. Whatever set them up to

suspecting me I can't think, unless you have broken your word," and Sam looked accusingly into his visitor's face.

"I have n't breathed a syllable," Carl replied. "But I shall be free to tell all that I know, unless you can convince me that you are keeping faith with me."

"Humph! All I ask of you is, just use your common sense a bit. Am I not locked up here every night, and not permitted to step upon the street, even for a moment?" Sam's tone was triumphant.

"But there are your Saturdays," Carl suggested.

"And you know very well where and how all my Saturdays have been spent ever since our compact. You will have to give it up, Carl, and confess that your informant either lied, or was mistaken in his man."

Sam's face was now quite bright, and Carl meditatively watched him.

It was true, as he now recalled the past, that

he did know just how Sam had spent each Saturday since his promise to give up Hale and Holloway had been made.

"Well, I am certainly relieved that you have such strong proofs in your favor," he at last said. "If I have misjudged you, I am sorry. But your words, Sam, do not always hold water. For instance, you said you were busy over mathematics to-night, and yet here is this novel turned down, just where you seem to have laid it when you came to the door. And where are your problems?"

"Not far away," Sam answered, with a laugh. He turned up the corner of the cloth which covered the table, and drew out several sheets of paper, closely filled with figures and various mathematical characters. "I get awfully tired poring over my 'math' so much, and sometimes I take a little rest by dipping into this book," he said, lightly. "If you are sensible, you will do the same. Too much of one thing is enough to addle a fellow's brains,

unless they are different from mine," and he laughed.

Only partially convinced, and yet unable to disprove Sam's words, Carl went to his room.

If Sam was guilty, he certainly was sharp, and bade fair to swell the ranks of criminals at no distant day, unless some Power stronger than had yet been exerted was thrown around him.

CHAPTER XVIII

MISSING

MARCH came, and with it mild weather. The sun poured down such fervid rays that Minnie, who was loath to give up the ice, looked out of the window, and said:

"This sun is hot enough for May. I can't think what the months are about, getting twisted up so. In April, last year, it was cold enough for icicles and snow, and now it feels as if the flowers ought to be in bloom. I actually walked from school without any wrap."

"I am glad to see the change," Carl responded, who was standing near, waiting for the dinner-bell to ring. "It feels home-like."

Minnie turned upon him a reproachful face.

"I thought you just loved to skate," she exclaimed.

"So I do; but we have skated enough for

one winter, it seems to me. And I am tired of the cold. It will be great fun to have the lake clear of ice, and get out the boat again."

"I had forgotten the *Firefly*," the girl said, her face brightening. "How long will it take the ice to melt, do you suppose?"

Before Carl could reply, Sam, who had just entered, said:

"Not many hours, if it is like me," and he began to fan himself with a paper he took from the table.

Carl saw that his face was deeply flushed, and that beads of perspiration stood thickly upon his forehead.

"Have you been running?" he asked, in surprise.

"No; but I walked fast coming over from college, not dreaming how hot the sun was. I feel as if my face was almost blistered. I had on my cap," and he wiped the perspiration away with his handkerchief, and helped himself to a glass of water.

Mr. Weston and Ralph, when they came in,

noticed his flushed countenance, and commented upon it. He gave them the same explanation he had given Carl.

At the dinner-table Minnie exclaimed:

"Why, Sam! Your hand trembles so that you can hardly eat. Are you sick?"

He tried to laugh; but did not very well succeed.

"No; I am only nervous. The sun pretty nearly upset me," was his answer.

Miss Weston solicitously advised a bandage wrung out of ice-water to be bound about his head. He replied:

"I will be all right soon. My head aches some, and I won't go back to college this afternoon. I will take a sleep, and to-morrow I'll be as nimble as ever."

"Well, but do put the bandage on your head," his aunt persisted. "It can't do any harm, and it may save you from a spell of sickness."

"Perhaps I will when I come to lie down," he answered. Then he added: "You are very

kind to take so much interest in me, Aunt Cornelia."

This was such a remarkable speech, coming from Sam, that Carl opened his eyes wide in astonishment. Miss Weston responded, with much feeling:

"I know how your mother's heart is set upon you, Sam, and that it would almost kill her for any harm to come to her boy."

Carl glanced across at Sam, and saw that a sudden mist of tears dimmed his eyes.

"There is hope for him," he thought. "Any boy who loves his mother like that, can hardly go to utter ruin."

Was Carl right?

Mr. Weston gave a sharp glance into his nephew's face as he arose from the table. Then he said:

"You would better take your aunt's advice, and put the water on your head. You look as though you might have a fever."

"Yes, sir; but really, I am all right. A good sleep will set me up again."

As he turned to go to his room, he paused at the door, and said:

"If I do n't come down when the bell rings for tea, Aunt Cornelia, do n't let Jake disturb me. I feel as though I would rather sleep clear through until morning, than bother to come down again."

Miss Weston made no reply. She felt uneasy about the boy; but she knew, from long experience, that she might better keep her fears confined to her own bosom.

At night Sam did not appear at the supper-table. Mr. Weston's brow was clouded, and when Ralph inquired after his cousin, he said:

"Let him alone. He needs to be by himself."

During the evening Miss Weston cautiously ascended the stairs, and entered Sam's room. It was in darkness, and the grate contained no fire.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, turning to the bed. The light from the hallway streamed full upon it. It was empty.

In much trepidation she began to call Sam's name.

But no reply came. She hurried down stairs, saying to herself:

"He has become delirious, and has wandered off. What will his mother think of us? I felt I ought to go up all the afternoon to look after him; but he so hates to be disturbed, that I waited, hoping he would come down to tea."

Her alarm was soon communicated to the others. Each one felt a dread of something, he knew not what.

Jake, hearing her words, hastened to say:

"Mr. Sam's all right, ma'am. He went out'n the house three or four hour ago."

"How do you know?" Mr. Weston sternly inquired.

"'Cause I seed him. He guv me a quarter, an' tolt me not to say nothin' 'bout he goin' out till mornin'."

Carl ran quickly up the stairs, turned on the electric-light in Sam's room, and looked

keenly about him. A great fear was in his heart.

He had heard it whispered at college that afternoon that Holloway had been expelled.

"The Faculty got wind of his drinking habits, and fired him. And they say there are others to follow," his informant had said.

"Could Sam have joined Holloway, fearing the disgrace of being also expelled? And was he now in company with that worthless and reckless fellow?" Carl wondered.

As he was turning to examine the wardrobe, to see if his clothing was there, Mr. Weston, followed by the others, came up the stairs.

"I see that you suspect exactly what I am fearing," he said. "What do you find?"

"That his valise and most of his clothes are gone," Carl replied, with pale lips.

"See, uncle. Here is a letter addressed to you," Minnie exclaimed, taking a folded sheet of paper from the bureau, and handing it to Mr. Weston.

CHAPTER XIX

DISGRACED

“COME down with me into the library,” Mr. Weston said, after he had rapidly scanned the note. They followed him in silence, each one oppressed as with a personal weight of grief.

“Before I read you this letter, I must tell you of an interview I had with Professor Fisher this afternoon,” he said, in a hard voice. “The professor called to see me, to tell me that Sam must be expelled from college.”

Miss Weston gave a low cry, and put her handkerchief to her face. Her brother continued, with his eyes resting upon her:

“It seems that our nephew, whom I looked upon until quite recently as a model youth, was altogether bad. He has chosen the worst young men in college, all older than himself, as his companions. These fellows, it seems,

were gamblers, and bore no enviable reputation when they entered Norwood. The Faculty have had their eyes upon them for months, but only recently have they been able to prove anything against them.

“It turns out, now, that these men, or youths, have made a habit of going every Saturday over to the Lodge belonging to the Ridley Hunting Club, and passing the day and night in drinking and card-playing. They chose this place because it is isolated, and not likely to be suspected as being their rendezvous. But it seems that they were discovered.”

Minnie gave Carl a glance which, to him, spoke volumes. Her uncle continued:

“Just how much Sam has been mixed up with these young men it is difficult to tell. Long enough, however, to force the Faculty to expel him. Professor Fisher says that he had a long talk with Sam this morning, and that he confessed to having consorted a great deal with them. The professor found him

much broken to pieces, and apparently penitent. He seemed to feel the disgrace of being expelled very keenly. Had it been possible, the Faculty would have forgiven and restored him on account of his youth. But their rules are inflexible, and any student who is found guilty of either drinking or gambling must be expelled."

Mr. Weston paused, and opened the letter he held in his hand.

"You are now prepared to hear what Sam says," he continued. He adjusted his eyeglasses, and read:

"DEAR UNCLE,—It is all true. Professor Fisher said he was going to see you this afternoon. I can't bear to meet you again; so I'm going home.

"I never meant to go so far on the wrong path as I have gone. Since Professor Fisher's talk with me, I see just when and how I first got started.

"I am going to tell mother all about it. She will make it right with father. And I'm

going to try and be a man after this, and never disgrace the family again.

“Your nephew,

“SAMUEL WESTON.

“P. S.—Tell Carl, in spite of his keen eyes, I was too sharp for him. I went out almost every night. I climbed down the fire-escape.”

Carl gave an exclamation of surprise, and Mr. Weston said:

“I judge from this, that you must have felt suspicious about Sam. Am I right?”

The boy hesitated, and Ralph said:

“It is all right to tell what you know about this miserable affair now, Carl. Sam has confessed. I know how we all feel about giving a comrade away; but this false sense of honor—for I am sure it is false—does not bind you any longer. Tell us what you know about Sam.”

Thus urged, Carl gave a brief account of his knowledge of the misguided youth's errors, and ended with:

“I now understand why his overcoat and

hat were on the bed that night. It surprised me to see them there, but I did not suspect the truth. If I had, I might have saved him from this disgrace by unburdening my heart to you, Mr. Weston, as I longed to do all the time."

"I believe it is best just as it is," Mr. Weston said, after a moment's thought. "The disgrace of being expelled was such a shock that I hope it will arouse his dormant sense of honor, and be the means of turning him in the right direction."

"He has done the best possible thing under the circumstances," Ralph remarked. "Going home to tell his mother the whole affair, argues well for him. I have strong hopes that Sam may yet make a man of himself."

These words so comforted Miss Weston, that she wiped her eyes, and said, in a tremulous tone:

"How in the world did he get money to go home? He had nothing, for he tried to borrow five dollars from me only day before yes-

terday. But I had not that amount by me, so I had to refuse him. I promised to give it to him to-day."

"O, he was all right about getting home. His father bought him a round-trip ticket when he came to us," her brother replied. "Brother Charles gave him a most liberal allowance, but I suppose he drank and gambled it all away."

Minnie was so grieved over her cousin's sin and disgrace, that she could not endure to talk about him. As they left the library, Carl attempted to refer to Sam's denial of his identity the day they were upon the lake, and also the night upon the street as they were returning from the Glee Club.

"I would rather not speak of him," she said, with quivering lips. "I did not admire a good many things about him; but he is my cousin, and I love him."

As Mr. Weston passed down the steps and out upon the street the following morning, he paused to look intently at the fire-escape, by

means of which Sam had eluded their vigilance.

“How little I imagined, when I placed that escape on this house, to what evil purpose it would lend itself,” he mournfully thought. “I recall that Ellen objected to it, saying that it was not needed on a private dwelling no taller than ours. Perhaps, if I had listened to her, Sam might have been earlier checked in his wrong-doing.”

In spite of his hopeful words on the previous night, his nephew's evil course and consequent disgrace weighed heavily upon his heart.

Five of the Norwood students were expelled. Two Freshmen—Sam Weston and Clarence Hale; and three Seniors—Holloway, Sawyer, and Purtle.

The same charges were brought against each, that of gambling and drinking.

CHAPTER XX

AT HELL'S GAP

THE shop was again the scene of busy labor. It had reopened upon the 15th of March, exactly three months from the time it had shut down.

Ralph's careful examination of the books had disclosed the fact that affairs were in a better financial condition than his father had feared.

One morning Philip Barton was absent from his accustomed place at his lathe, where, for three years, whenever the shop was open, he had never missed putting in a day's work.

There were many speculations among the men as to the cause of his absence.

Just before the hour's rest for dinner Ralph Weston came hurriedly in.

"Where is Barton?" he asked, in surprise, of the man who worked next to him.

"No one knows. He's never been away afore sence he begun to work in this shop," was the reply.

Ralph bit his lip in annoyance and perplexity. He especially wished to see Philip in relation to Fred Lewis.

"Do any of you live near Barton's home?" he asked, looking over the men inquiringly.

"I lives nex' door," responded a brawny fellow, named Richey.

"Will you call, when you go home to dinner, and find out the cause of his absence?" Ralph said. "Tell him, if you see him, that I want to have an interview with him before the shop closes to-night."

"Very well, sir," the man responded, respectfully, and Ralph passed out.

When Richey came back from his mid-day meal, his face bore an expression that caused the men immediately to ask:

"What is the matter with Barton? Is he sick?"

"Wuss 'n that," the man replied, fixing

himself in an easy attitude upon a bench. The whistle for work had not yet sounded.

"Tell us about him," said the man who worked next to Philip.

"Las' night he wuz out, down by the lake shore," Richey began. "It gits me what he wuz doin' there, in that orful lonesome place they calls 'Hell's Gap.' He wuz a-standin' on the ole pier, wi' his back to the shore, when somebody stepped up behind him and stuck a knife into him."

Various exclamations of surprise and consternation burst from Richey's circle of auditors.

"Go on. Was he badly hurt?" some one asked.

"Orful bad. He don' know how long he laid there, knowin' nothin' arter the knife dug inter his back, until he opened his eyes an' seed two fellers a-bendin' over him. A fishin' boat had got to shore late, owin' to the blow about sunset, an' the men b'longed to her. They put in by the ole pier, as bein' nigher ,

their cabins then the new one, an' found Barton lying' there, covered wi' blood.

"He cum to hisself, as they wuz a fearin' he was dead, and' he tolt 'em where he lived. They tuk him home, an' there he 's a layin' as white as ary ghost."

"Who cut him?" some one inquired, in a harsh voice.

"Ef Barton knows, he won't tell," Richey replied. "I kinder thinks he does know, but the feller need 'n feel scared. He struck a sneakin' blow at the bes' man in this shop, but Phil 'ull die afore he gives the coward away."

When Ralph heard of Barton's condition, he hastened to his home. He found Philip, as Richey had said, startingly pale and death-like.

With much emotion he bent over the bed, and said:

"I 'm sorry, Barton, to see you thus. This is the work of that scoundrel, Lewis."

"Hush!" Philip said, in a pained voice. "No one must suspect him, if we can help it."

"And you won't throw him over now, even after this dastardly act?" Ralph said, in surprise.

The wounded man smiled, and whispered, as he closed his eyes:

"My Captain loved me and sought me when I was dead in trespasses and sins. Shall I throw Fred over when I have His promise to save him, if I only hold firm to His blessed Word?"

Ralph had no reply to make. He gazed into Barton's shining face a moment, and then said:

"I came here to condole with you, Philip, and with my heart full of compassion and sympathy for you. But I find myself envying you, instead."

His voice was slightly unsteady. Never before had he called Barton by his Christian name.

"I'm glad to hear that name from your lips," the young man said, with a grateful

glance into his visitor's face. "It sounds more friendly."

"What can I do for you? Please command me as though I were your brother," Ralph hastened to say, to hide his emotion.

Philip laid a trembling hand upon his arm.

"Keep guard over Fred as much as possible. He was a reckless man before this happened. He will be wholly desperate now."

Young Weston leaned his head upon his hand in silence. There was something about this young mechanic that actually awed him.

"I heard a rumor that he had said that he was going to drown himself," Philip continued, after a time. "So I went down to the lake to watch, and try to save him if I could. When we used to run together, he had a fancy for the old pier at 'Hell's Gap,' and I felt almost sure he would go there."

Ralph's eyes suddenly blazed with indignation, and he exclaimed:

"You went to that lonely place to try and

save him, and he crept up on you, like the assassin that he is, and tried to murder you. I presume he thought he had accomplished his purpose."

"Hush!" Philip warningly said, with an anxious glance towards the door. Seeing that no one was visible, he continued, almost in a whisper:

"I think he was scared away by the sound of the boat coming in before he had finished with me. I believe his intention was to kill me, and then drown himself. He is alive to-day, however, for I have heard he was seen at Brady's early this morning. Watch for him at the old pier to-night. I feel sure he will try to end his life within the next twenty-four hours. He believes I will inform on him, and he is an utterly desperate and despairing man."

"If I had never had any faith in the existence of the Christ you worship, Philip, your life would convince me of the truth of his having lived, and of his power to transform human

lives," Ralph responded, clasping the wounded man's hand in his own.

"Thank God! My Captain is better to me, always, than I deserve," Barton answered. The light in his face was brighter than ever before.

CHAPTER XXI

ON THE LAKE AND IN IT

THAT same afternoon, as Carl returned from college, Minnie met him in the hall. "The ice is almost gone in the lake," she said, with sparkling eyes. "I went down after dinner to see. Can't you take time for a row?"

"Yes; and thank you for proposing it," he replied, running lightly up to his room to dispose of his books, and to prepare for the jaunt.

The sun was bright, and the air was almost as balmy as May.

They were soon on the shore, and the *Firefly* was brought out from the boathouse, where it had been resting during the icebound season.

It took Carl some time to clean it out, and put it in good condition for Minnie to enter. She insisted upon helping him; but he would

only permit her to wipe off the seats. The balance he did hurriedly himself.

At last they were off, and a thrill of keen joy passed over Carl as he again dipped the oars into the water, and felt the old, familiar motion of the boat.

"Skating is delightful, but I believe boating is better," he said.

Minnie flashed on him a reproachful glance, whereat he only laughed, and added:

"You see, I am only following the adage that tells us not to 'change an old friend for a new.' "

They went far out upon the lake, which was almost as smooth as a mirror. As they at last turned shoreward, Minnie said:

"Let us go by that old, tumble-down pier. We have never been past it, and it looks so picturesque."

Carl assented, and they came to it just as the sun was setting.

"How suggestive it looks!" he remarked, gazing upon its tottering remains. "How it

tells of the past. One can see in fancy the busy feet that have trodden it, and the many boats that have anchored by it in the long ago."

"Yes, indeed. And only see those tints in the water just beyond it. This is one of the loveliest views we have ever found. I wonder why we never came here before."

They had come quite close to the shore, upon the left of the pier, and Carl now placed his oars in rest, and allowed the dory to drift.

In silence they feasted their eyes upon the beauties above and around them, too much impressed for speech.

The sound of rapid steps upon the pier attracted Carl's attention.

A man came out to its furthest point, and stood for a moment looking down into the water. His back was towards the boat.

And then, suddenly there was a splash, and he was gone.

"Quick! A board must have broken and let him through," Minnie cried in alarm.

"The lake must be ever so deep out where he went down."

"It almost seemed as if he must have jumped in," Carl said, as he rapidly pulled towards the spot where the man had gone down. "But, of course, he did not. I had looked away just before I heard the splash."

"Look! there he is!" Minnie cried. "And there is blood upon his face."

For a moment Carl saw a pale face, with a streak of red across it. Then it disappeared beneath the water.

"He must have struck something as he went down," he exclaimed. "He is not struggling. He must be unconscious."

The boat was now just over the spot where he had last disappeared.

"There he is, over yonder. Take the oars, Minnie. I must jump in and get hold of him," Carl cried. As he spoke he threw off his hat and coat, and the next moment he was in the lake. He grasped the man just as he was again going down.

His weight was more than his young rescuer had anticipated. Although inert, the body for a moment dragged Carl down. Then he attempted to swim, and to tow the man along. But this was slow work, hampered as the boy was with shoes and heavy clothing.

"Wait," called Minnie. "I will bring the boat up by you." She did so, and added:

"Now hold fast to it, and I will row ashore."

This was soon accomplished. It took all of Carl's strength to get the man on land. The boy was something of an athlete, but this passive figure was above the ordinary size and weight, and Carl's strength had already been taxed in the water.

"Why, it is Fred Lewis," he exclaimed, in surprise, as he attentively gazed down into the pale face.

With deepened interest he went to work to loosen the necktie and vest of the rescued man. Then he and Minnie began a vigorous chafing of hands and arms.

Carl gently slapped him once or twice, and soon Fred opened his eyes. After staring about him for a moment, he sat up. He placed his hand to his temple, where there was a tiny gash, from which the blood slowly trickled. As he felt the wound, he seemed to fully recover consciousness.

"Why did you pull me out?" he asked.

"Because you would have drowned if I had left you alone. The plank upon which you were standing must have broken, and let you through," Carl answered.

Without another word Lewis staggered to his feet.

"Wait," Carl exclaimed, seeing he was going off. "Let me get a wagon. You are too weak to walk home."

Lewis actually laughed; but the laugh was not pleasant to hear. He merely said:

"I'm all right," and went on.

"Minnie, can you take the boat home?" Carl whispered. "I must go with him. He is so weak he may fall, unless I do."

"Yes, indeed," the girl replied. "Do n't let him go a step farther alone."

Carl paused to help her into the boat, and to place the oars in her hands. Then he followed Fred's halting steps up the shore.

CHAPTER XXII

MIDNIGHT ON THE PIER

IT was dark when Carl entered Mr. Weston's door. Minnie met him on the threshold, just as Ralph ascended the steps. "Did you get him home all right?" the girl eagerly questioned.

"Yes. But he was determined at first that I should not go with him. But I insisted, and when we got to his home I went in with him. His mother was dreadfully scared when she saw our wet clothing. I told her how it happened, and she was the most grateful woman you ever saw."

"Of whom are you speaking?" Ralph questioned, coming up and laying his hand on Carl's shoulder.

"Fred Lewis."

And then he told of the startling experience of the past two hours, ending with:

"I staid until his mother got him into dry

clothing; but he would not lie down. He persists that he is all right, and declares that he is as well able to be out as ever."

Ralph's face was expressive of much anxiety as he listened to Carl's words, and after a question or two he hastily turned away.

He was silent and preoccupied during supper, scarcely heeding his father's comments upon Fred, when the afternoon's adventure was told him.

"It would have been the very best thing that could have happened to Lewis, had he been drowned," Mr. Weston declared. "He is beyond all hope of reformation. The sooner such fellows are out of the way, the better."

Carl and Minnie looked rather shocked over these words, and noticing the expression upon their faces, he added:

"I do n't mean that it was not the right thing for you to try and save him. But had your efforts proved vain, it would have been the happiest thing for all who are interested in him."

Ralph soon excused himself, and left the table before the others had finished the meal. He donned his heaviest overcoat, although the night was mild, and hastened down the street. When he paused, it was in front of Fred Lewis's home.

In answer to his knock, Mrs. Lewis came to the door.

"Can I see Fred?" he asked.

"He has just gone out," was her reply. He saw the traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"But after the accident on the pier, I should not have supposed he was fit to be out," was his answer.

"Indeed, sir, he ought to be in bed at this moment; but I have no power over him when he gets into these wild spells," and she pressed her hand over her eyes.

"Do you know where he went?" Ralph gently inquired.

"To the saloon, I suppose. He looked so wild that I can't rest, thinking about him," and two big tears rolled down her thin face.

"I will make an effort to find him," Ralph said. "Try and not worry. If I come across him I may not bring him here, but take him where I can keep an eye upon him. He needs a man to deal with him, now that he has become so desperate."

"You are a good friend to him, Mr. Weston," the woman replied. "May God in heaven bless you for your kindness to him and to me!"

Ralph walked briskly down to Brady's, where he expected to find the object of his quest. Fred was not there. Inquiries elicited the fact that he had just been in, but had stepped out only a moment before.

After a brief pause, Ralph asked:

"Is he drinking?"

"That he is. He took two glasses while he was here, and said he wanted another, but his cash was all gone."

Ralph hurried away. He soon signaled a passing carriage, and after a moment's conference with the driver got in. He drove

about a block from the old pier, then got out, saying to the man:

"Wait here until I come, no matter how late that may be. And keep still. I will pay you well for waiting."

Then he hurried to the pier, and looked about. The remains of a small building were upon his right. Only a few boards remained; but it would afford him the shelter he sought. He took up his position behind this, with face turned shoreward, and waited. As he waited, he mused:

"If Barton is correct, I am in the right place. No doubt the poor fellow meant suicide this afternoon. But I am glad Carl and Minnie did not suspect this. It was hard enough on them as it was."

The moon soon arose, and under its beams the lake became a sheet of glittering silver.

One, two, three hours passed, and no living object came near the old pier. Ralph began to grow chilly, in spite of his heavy coat.

Once he heard the sound of oars, and saw

a boat passing. But it was far out upon the lake.

Another hour passed. He looked at his watch. The moon's rays were so bright that he had little difficulty in telling the hour.

"Half-past eleven. If he does not come by midnight, I may as well conclude that he has been too sharp for me," he thought.

A little anxiety began to oppress him, lest, while he was watching here, Fred might have sought death at some other point.

Just as this thought began to take possession of him he heard steps. He looked, and saw a man coming out upon the pier. He was bareheaded.

In an instant Ralph saw that it was Fred. A hoarse laugh burst from the wretched man's lips, as he muttered:

"Guess I won't swing, if that cursed Barton does reckon it. If my knife had only reached his heart, I would be satisfied. Ho! ho! guess no young chaps are about with their sweet-hearts, to fish me out this time."

Just before he got opposite to where Ralph was concealed, he started into a run.

The next moment he was struggling in young Weston's arms.

"Come with me, Lewis," Ralph said, quietly, but firmly. After a few ineffectual efforts to break from his grasp. Fred said:

"Where do you want to carry me? To jail?"

And then, with his arms still about the form of the weak and trembling man, Ralph tried to tell him of Barton's love for him, and of his desire for his safety and welfare.

Lewis listened, first sullenly, and then contemptuously. But Ralph spoke with such impassioned earnestness, that at last he was partially convinced that Philip did not mean to inform against him.

A little past midnight the carriage, with Ralph Weston and Fred Lewis seated inside, drove rapidly up the street.

CHAPTER XXIII

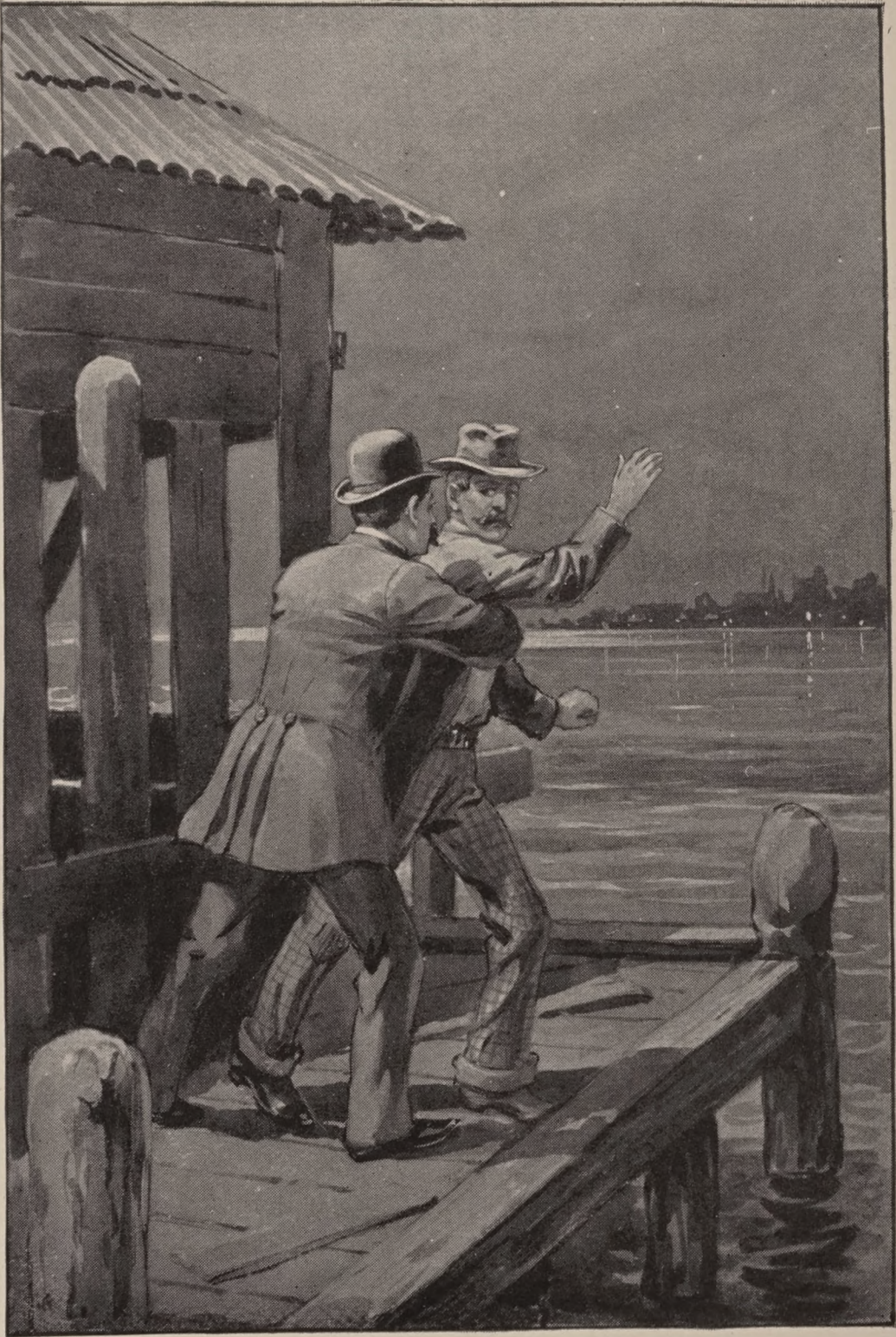
UNDER GUARD

THE next morning, at an earlier hour than Philip was wont to receive a visitor, Ralph Weston was ushered into his room. "Your face brings good tidings," Philip said, reaching to grasp his visitor's extended hand.

"How do you find yourself this morning?" Ralph inquired, gazing earnestly into the pale face lying against the pillow.

"I had some restless hours during the night, but it was my mind more than my body that caused them," was Barton's reply. "Tell me about Fred," and he fixed his eyes upon Ralph's with an eagerness that compelled his visitor to quickly say:

"Lewis is saved. He is in my bed at this moment soundly sleeping. And a brawny fellow is by him, with orders not to leave him



RALPH WESTON AND FRED LEWIS ON THE PIER

alone for an instant until I revoke the command."

Philip closed his eyes, and Ralph saw that his lips moved in prayer. When he again looked up, his face held such a light that Ralph unconsciously bowed his head upon his hand to hide his emotion.

"I would almost be willing at this moment to change places with this man, if thereby I might become the possessor of the joy that fills his soul," was the thought of his heart.

"Tell me about last night," Philip said. "I was sure Fred was saved. I prayed till past midnight, and then such a sweet feeling of peace came to me, that I knew my Captain was at work, and that all was well. So I slept awhile, but waked early, full of praise to God for his unspeakable goodness. I wish you knew my Captain, Mr. Ralph."

"I wish I did," burst impetuously from the young man's lips. Then he hastened to add, half ashamed of this confession: "Lewis tried

to drown himself twice yesterday. Once about sunset, and again about midnight."

And then he narrated the events of the previous afternoon and night, ending with:

"He was all broken up by the time I got him home. I really made him understand at last that you had had no more to do with his being discharged from the shop than had the man in the moon. When once this fact got down into his conscience, he was a changed man." A happy smile played on Philip's lips, but he did not speak.

"I had often tried to make him understand this before, but he would not listen," Ralph continued. "But last night, after I got him into the carriage, where he could not get away from me, I told him about your begging me to intercede with father to take him back after he had been turned away. And I also impressed upon him the fact that you had never let me rest, day nor night, since, but were always urging me to follow him up, and save him. 'If it was any one but you, Mr.

Ralph, telling me this, I should say it was a pack of lies,' he said at last. 'I can't half seem to believe it, even from you.' But I saw he did believe me, in spite of his desire not to; so I went on to tell him that it was you who had been sending his mother money all along, while he was leaving her to starve."

Here Philip interrupted with the surprised question:

"How did you know?"

Ralph laughed.

"O that was an easy riddle to solve. When Mrs. Lewis told me that some one was regularly sending her money, I only had to put two and two together to know who that 'somebody' was. This got hold of Fred more than anything else.

" 'Are you sure of what you are telling me?' he asked. And I could see he was all in a quiver.

" 'As sure as that your name is Fred Lewis,' I answered.

"At that he covered his face with his hands,

and never moved nor spoke until the carriage drew up before our door.

"He was as meek as a lamb when I told him where I was going to put him, and that I was determined to see that not a drop of whisky reached him until he was a changed man, so that he would sooner die than touch it again.

"I turned the carriage driver into a guard, by using a small bribe, and as soon as he could take care of his horses, and get another man to look after them while he was with me, he came back.

"We got Lewis to bed, after we had given him a hot bath. He was utterly exhausted, and immediately fell into a deep sleep, from which he had not awakened when I went in to look after him before I came around to see you."

"Does his mother know about him?" Barton inquired.

"Yes; I got the driver to go by and tell her as he drove to the stables last night. I

knew the poor thing was in an agony of fear and apprehension, and so it proved. The man says he found her standing on the steps crying, and watching up and down the street for her boy. Some mothers have a hard time, Barton. I wonder why it is they can not let their worthless children go, but must needs break their hearts over them?"

Philip smiled, as he replied:

"Their love is more like God's love than anything else on earth. And yet he tells us, in his blessed Word, that a mother may forget her sucking child, but that he will never forget a soul that trusts in him."

A soft light came into Ralph's eyes as he listened. He seemed to ponder the words a moment.

Philip continued, in a low tone:

"'Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands.' Those are precious words, Mr. Ralph."

"I must go now," the young man said, abruptly rising. "I do n't know what father

will say when he finds that Lewis is in the house. He has no affection for him; considers him beyond the possibility of reformation."

"The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water. He turneth it whithersoever he will," Barton rejoined. "I will tell my Captain about him, and ask him to put such love into Mr. Weston's heart for Fred, that he will be as anxious as you or I to help save him."

"He will have to perform a miracle then," Ralph said. "Father is bitter against him, and he is a man who never changes."

CHAPTER XXIV

A CONTRITE HEART

IT is impossible to imagine the mental agony through which Fred Lewis passed during the next week. Nor was he exempt from physical pain. No man can partake of strong drink so constantly, and for so long a period as had he, and break the habit without intense physical suffering.

Every nerve in his body seemed crying out for the accustomed stimulant.

Upon two occasions the man who was placed as guard over him was forced to exert all the strength at his command, to keep him from breaking from his custody in search of whisky.

Soon after one of these struggles, Mr. Weston tapped at the door.

When he entered Fred was in a state of reaction, and his quivering face and trembling

hands told the tale of suffering as no words could do.

The harshness faded from the stern face of his visitor, and Lewis, who had anticipated only reproaches, was amazed to hear Mr. Weston speak in a voice almost as gentle and compassionate as a woman's:

"Poor boy! You are finding it hard lines to break away from your evil habits."

Fred covered his face with his shaking hands; but made no reply.

"I will sit with Lewis for an hour. You may go for an airing, if you like," Mr. Weston continued, turning to the attendant, whose name was Potter.

"Thank you, sir. I will be back in less than that time," and the man gladly withdrew.

That hour revealed Mr. Weston in a new character to the disgraced and discouraged young man before him. Which one was the more surprised by this revelation, Fred or Mr. Weston himself, it is difficult to tell.

Certain it is that the upright, austere man

had entered the room with the avowed purpose of "giving that vagabond, Lewis, a piece of my mind."

This meant bitter upbraiding and sharp condemnation for his long course of sin and folly.

Instead of this, such helpful words of encouragement came from him as almost broke the penitent fellow's heart.

At last Fred said, in a trembling voice:

"I can't seem to bear your kind words, sir. If you would talk to me as I deserve, I might be a man. But this makes a woman of me."

"Well, be a woman for once, then," was the reply. "You have been a wicked and desperate man long enough. You are now going to change. Perhaps it is just as well to begin in this way as in any other. I rather like it in you, Lewis. It shows that your heart is still in the right place. I expect to see you, at no distant day, one of the most valued workmen in my shop."

Lewis lifted his face from his hands, too

much amazed to find words with which to reply.

"Yes, in spite of the past, this is just what I now expect," Mr. Weston continued. "I will give you time to get over all the results of your folly, and then, when you are the sober, upright, willing workman that I want, your old place in the shop will be ready for you."

While Fred was trying to stammer out his gratitude and thanks, Ralph entered the room. He had known of his father's intended call upon Lewis, and had dreaded the effect upon the unhappy culprit.

As he now looked upon Fred's face, in which a new hope was plainly visible, mingled with a grateful affection for the hitherto stern man beside him, Ralph took a chair in silence. From Fred he turned to his father. What he read upon his face caused him to say to his own heart:

"Barton's Captain has heard his prayer, sure enough, and has gone to work. Father looks like another man."

When Potter got back to his post, he found his charge so altered, both in appearance and temper, that he felt his services would not much longer be required.

"How is Barton, to-day?" Mr. Weston inquired of his son, as they descended the stairs together.

"Mending. But it will be two weeks or more before he can be at work."

"When you see him again, Ralph, tell him that his wages will go right on, just the same as though he was in the shop every day. This is only right, and he would better know about it at once before he begins to worry over the loss."

"Very well, father. I am glad you understand what a valuable man he is. I will go right down now, and tell him, for I am sure it will help him to know of your kindness."

"It's not kindness; it's only justice," Mr. Weston hastened to say.

A few days later Fred Lewis walked into Philip Barton's room.

The latter was sitting, propped up by pillows, in his bed. His face was still deathlike in its pallor; but the radiance of its expression, as he recognized his visitor, quite upset Lewis's feigned composure.

He sank upon his knees by the bed, saying:

"You look as if it was your best friend who had come to see you, instead of your would-be murderer."

"Hush!" Philip said, laying a finger over Fred's lips. "Never speak that word again. That Lewis is dead. This Lewis is my friend and comrade, the man whom I love as a brother."

Fred was not ashamed that sobs he could not repress escaped from him as he listened to these words.

"And can you really forgive me, Phil?" he said at last, gulping down a sob, and raising his eyes to Philip's face.

"As I hope to be forgiven," was Barton's reply. "Indeed, I forgave you at the moment, Fred, for I knew just how it was with you.

And now let the past be as a sealed book between us. We have only to do with the present. You are a changed man, and Mr. Ralph tells me that when I am able to again go to work I shall find you in your old place in the shop. Surely my Captain is causing my cup to run over with blessings."

CHAPTER XXV

A WELCOME LETTER

CARL'S delight over the change in Lewis was more volubly expressed, even if less deep, than Philip's. He looked upon it as a clear answer to prayer, and his faith was not a little strengthened thereby.

He never visited Barton without feeling that a fresh blessing came to him from the interview.

Philip talked more freely to him about spiritual things than to any other person. He recognized the boy's deep desire to live as becomes a good soldier of the cross, and he longed to help him. He knew that the godless atmosphere of his present home was not conducive, from a human standpoint, to his growth in grace, but rather to a gradual conformity to the world, and its ways and opinions

"You see, your Captain is proving his soldier these days," Philip said to him one afternoon, after Carl had told him of some of the subtle temptations which constantly came to him through Ralph and Mr. Weston. "He wants to see whether you are really His, or only His in name."

The boy's face looked very grave. After a moment's silence, he said:

"I shall never know just how much I owe to you for those brave words you spoke that Sunday I went riding with Mr. Ralph. Had you kept silent, or had you yielded as easily as I had done, there is no telling where I might not now be. It was no accident, I am sure, that brought us together that Sunday."

"There are no accidents with God," Philip reverently replied. "If the hairs of our head are all numbered, so must every step we take be ordered. I love to believe this, and I try to walk very carefully lest I go aside from the path my Captain has marked out for me."

"And do you suppose it was His will for

me to be sent here, away from my mother, and placed among wholly irreligious people?" Carl asked.

"Can you doubt it?" Barton responded, with a shade of reproach in his tone. "Eternity alone will show all that your coming here may have wrought. Sam Weston will never forget your influence, even should he grow to be a thoroughly bad man. Mr. Ralph says of you, 'that you live the squarest life of any boy he ever saw.' And he is wide enough awake to see that it is your Captain's power that enables you thus to live."

"I feel uneasy about home," Carl said, after a long silence spent in deep thought. "Mother's usual letter has failed to come this week. I am sure she is far from well, although she does not tell me so."

Philip reached under his pillow, and took out his Bible.

"Let me give you a verse to take into your soul," he said, turning to the 112th Psalm.

“Listen: ‘He shall not be afraid of evil tidings. His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.’ ”

“That is precious,” Carl responded, with brightening eyes.

“When our hearts are really FIXED upon God, nothing can disturb or make us afraid,” Philip added.

Carl never lost the influence of that hour’s conversation.

The following morning the postman brought a letter to him, which caused him keen pleasure. It was from Sam. In it was a five-dollar bill.

Sam said, after some preliminary words of greeting:

“Perhaps you think I have forgotten about that V which you loaned me. Or you may think me such a ‘cad’ that I do n’t mean to pay you, even if I have not forgotten it. I do n’t blame you, Carl, if you do think so. But I inclose it. It is out of the first allowance I have had since I came home.

"I wish I could see you, Carl; but I remember some things you said to me, and they help me.

"I am trying to live on the square. I find it hard work. I wonder how it always seemed so easy for you.

"I wish you would write to a fellow soon, and give me all the news.

"I'd send love to the others, but I suppose they would have no use for it. And I do n't wonder. Yours, SAM."

"P. S.—Holloway is in jail for murder. Killed a fellow in Texas while drunk."

"I will write to him to-morrow," Carl thought, as he folded the letter, and put it in his pocket.

But the morrow brought with it other things so absorbing that Sam's letter was wholly driven from his thoughts. Not until many weeks had passed did he again recall his intention of writing at once.

The entire household, Jake included, was

deeply pleased to hear that Sam was well, and, as Ralph expressed it, "was trying to make a man out of himself."

When told about Holloway, the latter remarked:

"As the popular obituary puts it, that fellow's 'loss is Sam's gain.' His fate will be like a living sign-board, showing where whisky and cards are apt to land a fellow. Nothing better for Sam could have happened."

Carl permitted Minnie to read her cousin's letter, and if Sam could have seen her sparkling eyes as she finished it, he would never again have doubted the abiding character of her affection.

"When you write, Carl, give him lots and lots of love from me," she said. "And tell him we all expect him to grow to be just the noblest man in the world."

Miss Weston also had various messages for her nephew, to whom she was deeply attached, and Carl found that the contemplated letter would probably be a lengthy one.

"I must write him all about Fred Lewis, and how he has changed, and about Barton," he thought, almost tempted to begin the missive that very night. "And I must not forget to tell him how kindly Professor Fisher and the others inquire after him. How glad I am that I have such good news for them to-morrow! It hurts them for one of their students to go to the bad, especially one as young as Sam. They do n't seem to feel the same responsibility about Holloway and the others, for they were wild before they came to Norwood. But it's different with Sam and Hale. They were both led away while in college."

Thus musing, he sat down to his books, expecting to put in an evening of hard work.

CHAPTER XXVI

SUMMONED HOME

CARL had been engaged over his studies only a few moments, when there came a hurried knock upon his door. Opening it, he was much surprised to see Mr. Weston standing before him. He entered without apology, and stood a moment looking thoughtfully into the bright face before him, ere he spoke:

"I have bad news for you, my boy," he at length said, placing a hand kindly upon Carl's shoulder.

"About what?" the boy inquired, for an instant not suspecting the truth.

Something in Mr. Weston's face enlightened him.

"It is from home; about my mother," he added, in a low tone. "What is it?"

"She is ill, very ill. Your father sent me

a telegram, asking me to get you off on the first train."

Carl shaded his eyes for a moment with his hand. "My heart is fixed. I will not fear evil tidings," he said to himself. "Help me, O Lord, to wholly trust thee! Do not let me be afraid."

"What train can I take?" he inquired a minute later, in so calm a voice that Mr. Weston felt a weight rolled away from him. Knowing that Carl was an only child, and also something of the strong tie that existed between mother and son, he had feared a painful scene when the boy learned of her extreme danger.

"If you hurry, you can catch the 8.20," he replied.

Here Ralph came in, saying:

"Let me put your things in your trunk for you. I am a famous packer. I had so much of it to do, you know, while I was abroad."

Each one in the little home-circle made some offer of assistance, and with a grateful

heart Carl accepted whatever he thought would speed his departure.

Mr. Weston, Ralph, and Minnie accompanied him to the depot. It was a silent drive, for all knew that his heart was too anxious to permit of ordinary conversation.

"Did father say what her sickness was?" he asked, as they neared the station.

"He merely called it exhaustion. Probably it is a case of nervous prostration. Keep up your courage, my boy. I know your mother well. She has a fine constitution, although her appearance is fragile. Such people often outlive those of far more robust physique."

As he spoke, Mr. Weston laid a hand upon Carl's knee. The boy felt that the touch was meant as a caress, and he replied:

"You are very kind, indeed. I do n't know how to thank you; but I feel deeply grateful for all your kindness to me since I came to you. If she—" here his voice faltered a little—"if my mother lives, she will know how to thank you."

The train was already in, and he had not a moment to lose. Hurried good-byes were said; the bell sounded, the engine puffed, and Carl was speeding away into the night, hastening to meet a sorrow as overwhelming as it was sudden.

Rapt in thought, he paid little attention to his fellow-travelers. The coach was not crowded, and he was glad to find that he could have a seat all to himself. Mr. Weston had urged his taking a sleeper, but Carl preferred not doing this.

"They are so close and stuffy," he said, "after the curtains are down, that I can hardly breathe. And I would rather sit up to-night. If I want to sleep, I can use my valise for a pillow, and take a nap right in the seat where I am."

The long hours wore away, but he felt no inclination toward slumber. People about him were sleeping, fixed in all kinds of droll attitudes. Had he been less absorbed in his own sad thoughts, he would have found much

amusement in some of these silent figures. As it was, with a flitting smile over the absurd spectacle presented by one or two of his unconscious neighbors, he turned to the window, and soon forgot his surroundings in a train of thought that held him as motionless as the slumbering forms around him.

He had reckoned the time it would take to make the journey, and knew the very moment he would reach the city of his love and longing.

Towards midnight he took out his little pocket Bible, and read, with moist eyes, the 46th Psalm. His mother's hand had traced a line around the opening verse.

"I need this Refuge and this Help now, as I never did before," he murmured.

"Are there any pictures in your book?" said a low voice near him.

He turned, and saw a boy just behind him, intently regarding his Bible: He was about eight years of age.

The child was a cripple, and Carl recol-

lected having noticed him when he first entered the car.

"No; not a single picture," he replied. "Why do n't you go to sleep, like the rest of the people about us?" he asked, looking into his bright eyes.

"O, my back pains me so, I can't go to sleep. I tried to after father went into the smoking-car, but I could not," he replied, wearily.

After a moment's struggle with himself, Carl arose and took a seat by his small neighbor's side.

"Do you like to listen to stories?" he inquired.

"Yes, indeed. Will you tell me one?" was the quick answer.

"What shall it be about?" Carl asked, with a smile, as he noted the child's eager face.

"O, anything you choose. Mother used to tell me Bible stories before she died, and I liked them better than any others. Do you know any Bible stories?"

“Yes, indeed, and I would rather tell one of those than any other kind. Suppose I begin with Moses?”

With a happy sigh the child settled back into his seat, fixed his bright eyes upon Carl’s face, and said:

“Now you may begin, please.”

For over an hour Carl sat there and told stories to his eager listener. The history of Moses, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph had been given, and he was wondering where next to begin, when the boy’s lids drooped drowsily, and he murmured:

“Th—thank you. I’m getting too—too sleepy to listen any longer. They were lo—lovely stories.”

Carl fixed him in a comfortable position upon the seat, and returned to his own window with a happy glow in his heart.

In helping the crippled boy pass a weary hour, he had also won a blessing for himself. His thoughts had been forced out of their sad channel, and he felt a drowsiness stealing over

him that he gladly welcomed. In a few moments he was sleeping soundly, and in his dreams he was with his mother. She was well, and her face looked to him more beautiful than he had ever before seen it.

CHAPTER XXVII

AT HOME

IT was a long day for Carl which followed his night of wakefulness upon the train. He passed it as best he could. At various times he helped his little crippled neighbor to spend an hour less wearily than would otherwise have been the case. He was the more ready to do this because he saw that the child's father was less careful in looking after his wants than he should have been.

In the afternoon he fell into a deep sleep, and did not awaken until the train was within an hour's run of Nashville. Greatly refreshed, and with renewed hope and courage thrilling through his heart, he sat by the window and watched the tints of sunset fade into night. His soul went up in earnest prayer for the dear one who might, even then, be passing through the dark valley.

He knew, unless his mother's condition was indeed very critical, his father would be at the depot to meet him. He looked eagerly out as the train glided in, to try and find the loved and familiar figure. But he could not see him, and without losing a moment after the train stopped, he passed out. As he stepped upon the platform, his quick eye caught sight of a well-known black face. Its owner was standing respectfully on one side of the moving throng. He came quickly forward, however, as he saw Carl. It was their gray-haired butler, Uncle Prince.

"How is mother?" was the boy's first question, after he had grasped the old man's hand in kindly greeting.

"She's bad off, young mastah. Yo' pa 'lowed toh come an' meet yo' hisself, but at de las' minnit she 'peared toh be a-sinkin', an' he sent me."

Jack, the driver, like Uncle Prince, had been in the Bachman family for years. He greeted Carl with such effusive affection as

sent a feeling of joy through the boy's heart. A sweet home-feeling thrilled him, which was deepened as Jack said, while placing his traveling traps in the carriage:

"Yo' ma 'll git well now, mastah Carl. One look intah yo' face 'll do huh mo' good den all de medicine de doctah's a-gibin huh."

His own heart echoed these words, and it was with rekindled hope that he sank back on the carriage seat, with the order:

"Drive fast, Jack."

"Aye! Dat I will. De hosses is mos' ready toh fly, a-waitin' foh de train toh cum," was the man's answer.

The next moment the carriage was rolling up the street so rapidly that Carl's impatience was fully satisfied.

His father met him upon the piazza steps.

He spoke no word of greeting; but placing his arms about the boy, he pressed him for a moment against his breast.

As Carl looked up into his face, an exclamation of pain escaped him. The strong,

handsome countenance was thin and haggard, and dark circles under the eyes told of care, sleeplessness, and harrowing anxiety.

"Has she been sick long?" the boy asked, in a low voice.

"Longer than you dream. I did not realize her condition until it was too late. Had I done so, her present state might have been averted."

"Is—is she conscious?" Carl could scarcely command this voice to ask this question.

Mr. Bachman placed both hands upon his boy's shoulders, and gazed sorrowfully into his eyes as he answered:

"No, Carl. Nor has she been for three days and nights."

For a moment the boy turned aside, and covered his face with his hands.

"We hope that your presence and your voice will arouse her," his father continued. "This is our last hope. If this fails, the doctors think she will—" but he did not finish his

sentence. Emotions too strong for control choked his utterance.

"May I go in to her now?" Carl asked.

"You must eat something first. The cook has dinner all ready for you," was his father's answer, as he turned towards the dining-room.

"But, father, I could not take a mouthful of food," the boy declared. "It would choke me."

"For your mother's sake, you must try. You look pale and worn. You must be strong and self-possessed before you can see her. Should she arouse, any excitement would be fatal," Mr. Bachman responded.

When he reached the table, Carl tried to partake of some of the appetizing food before him. He noted that the cook had prepared his favorite dishes, but they did not tempt him. The burden upon his heart was too heavy to permit of more than a taste.

He saw that his father merely toyed with his knife and fork; but not a mouthful of food passed his lips. But he drank a cup of strong

coffee, and said, as he noted Carl's ineffectual efforts to eat:

"Well, take a cup of coffee. It will steady your nerves."

"My nerves are steady, father. See," and he held out his hand. Not a tremor moved it. Then he added: "I never drink coffee, you know, and I really require nothing. You need not fear that I will excite her, if she arouses."

"Very well. If you are sure of yourself, let us go up. I have not left her so long before for days," was Mr. Bachman's reply, as he looked searchingly into his son's face.

The family physician, Dr. Phelps, met them at the door of the sick-room. Another medical adviser, whom Carl recognized as Dr. Douglas, who was an accepted authority upon all nervous troubles, sat by the couch upon which Mrs. Bachman lay.

After some minute directions, given in a low tone, Dr. Phelps led Carl towards the bed.

With heart uplifted to God, the boy looked down upon the face dearest to him upon earth.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE DARK VALLEY

IN spite of what his father had told him, Carl was greatly startled by the extreme pallor and emaciation of the loved countenance. For a moment he feared that death had already claimed her. He touched her hand. It was warm, and a thrill of thankful joy went through him.

"Speak to her. Speak naturally and calmly," Dr. Douglas said.

"Remember, if she arouses, the least excitement on your part will prove fatal to her," Dr. Phelps urged, looking keenly into Carl's face. What he saw there seemed to reassure him.

"In one sense, her life is now in your hands," he added.

Carl knelt by the bed, and placed an arm over the silent form stretched upon it.

"Mother," he said, gently, "mother, wake up."

Anxious eyes were watching, hoping to see her pale lids open. But not a tremor stirred them.

Carl bent towards her, until his breath fanned her cheek.

"Mother, dear, won't you wake up? Carl is calling you; your own Carl."

But her ears were silent to his loving voice.

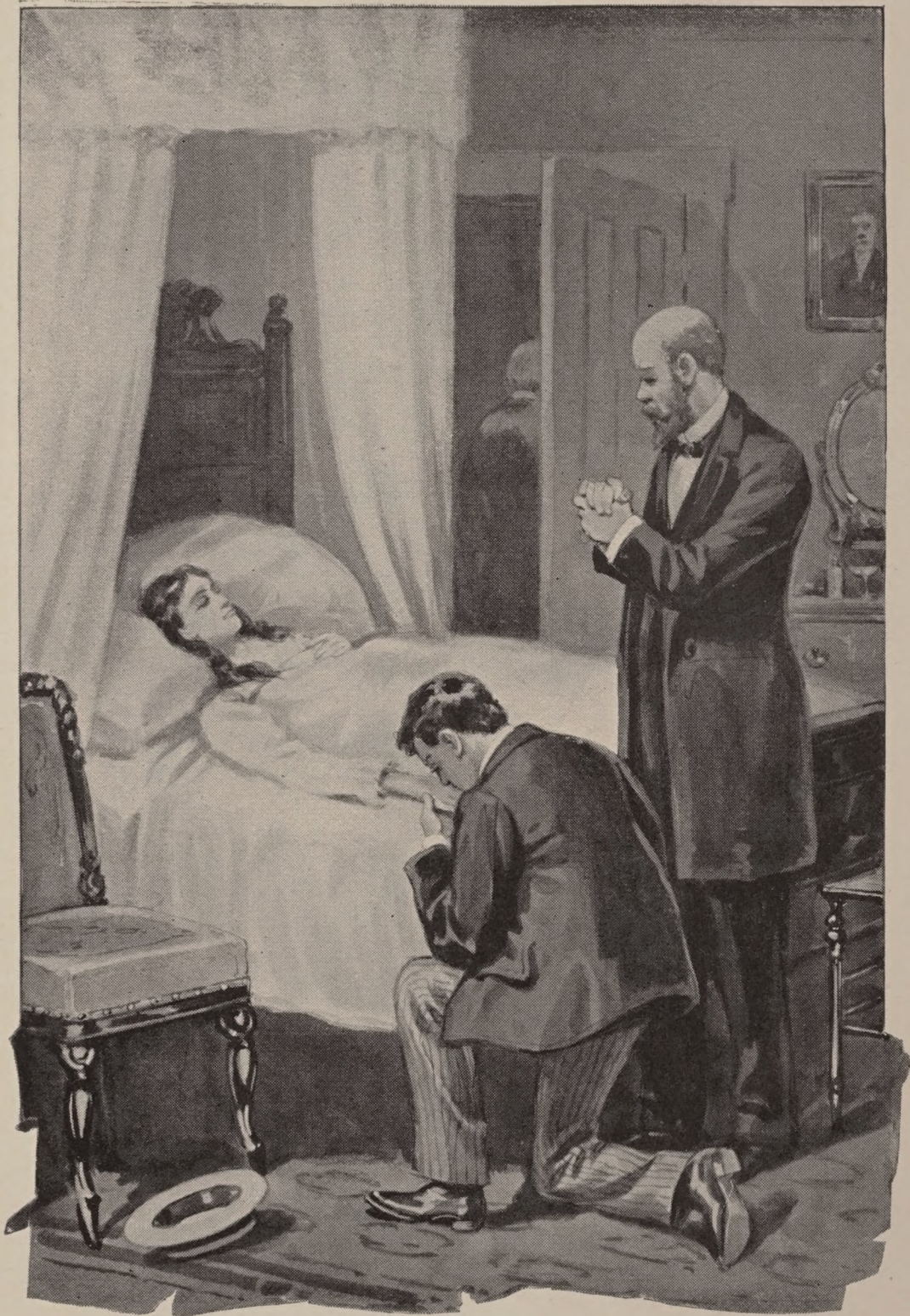
He bent and pressed his lips to her cheek again and again, saying, between each caress:

"Mother! Mother!"

Never before had she been deaf to his voice or heedless of his kisses.

Very tenderly he began to stroke her hands, and then to smooth the curling tendrils of her hair, still pleading with her to open her eyes and speak to him.

Then he bethought him of a pet name he had loved to call her in the past years, when he was but a little chap who could not bear to be parted from her for an hour. She had al-



DR. PHELPS AND CARL AT THE BEDSIDE

ways loved the name, and he now recollected, with a throb of keen regret, that he had forgotten to use it when addressing her for a long, long time.

"Momity, momity, darling," he said. "Won't you open your eyes and speak to your Carl, to your own boysie?"

But the long lashes did not lift, and not a tremor passed over the silent form.

A long sigh came from Dr. Phelps. He laid his hand upon Carl's shoulder.

"That will do," he said.

"Is there really no hope, doctor?" the boy asked, with quivering lips.

"This was our last test," the physician replied.

With a powerful effort, Carl mastered his emotions, and asked:

"How long do you think she will live?"

"Not many hours," was the reply. The doctor's tone was compassionate.

"She can not last through the night. Her pulse grows fainter every moment."

As he spoke, he laid his finger upon the delicate wrist.

"I must go," Dr. Douglas now said. "I can do no good by remaining."

He drew Dr. Phelps aside, and conferred with him for a moment, saying, as he turned away:

"Nothing more can be done. Even the battery will make no impression upon her now."

Then he passed out, and left the three watchers alone.

The nurse came in from an adjoining room; but Mr. Bachman motioned to her to withdraw, and she quietly did so.

Who may paint the emotions that swept over Carl Bachman's heart as he sat by that silent form, and felt that every passing moment brought his mother's feet deeper and deeper within the valley of the shadow of death.

His own sorrow was so overwhelming that he had utterly forgotten the presence of his father.

In fancy he lived again the days of his childhood. Was ever a mother so tender, so gentle, as this mother had been? And then he saw her as the years passed on, and as he recalled how her whole life had been given to him, her one thought ever being how best to help him reach a noble Christian manhood, he laid his cheek against her hand, and his tears fell fast.

With a shiver he felt that the dear hand had grown colder, and, with a sob he could not repress, he bent and pressed his lips to her unresponsive ones.

The doctor went over and stood by the window. There was nothing he could now do but watch the sands of life ebb away. It was a sad hour to him, with that brave boy's heart breaking under its weight of sorrow, and with the haggard, self-controlled face of Mr. Bachman telling of an agony of heart and soul that was really appalling to one who could read it.

As the hours passed, with no change in the pale face of the one dearest upon earth to him,

the shadow of despair crept close to Carl's heart.

For the first time in his life doubts of God's love came to him. How could a kind Heavenly Father thus take from his child all that made life worth the living? Had he not promised to supply the needs of every trusting heart? Was not the need of his mother's presence, of her love and words of counsel, the greatest need in his life? Who could ever take her place? Was God true to his Word, in thus robbing him of her? No incentive to a pure and holy life could ever be to him what her Christlike walk and ways had ever been.

As he looked upon her now, it almost seemed that he could see a halo of light around her brow. Surely, if God loved him as his Word declared, this saintly mother would be spared to him.

As these thoughts filled his heart, a great wave of doubt and horror rolled over him.

This was his first overmastering encounter with the adversary of souls.

In a dim way he comprehended his danger, and, falling upon his knees, he cried out:

“O mother, mother! Do n’t leave your boy! What will become of me if you go away?”

CHAPTER XXIX

A VOW

AS that cry of anguish burst from Carl's lips, his father came and stood beside him. "Do n't, Carl, do n't; I can't bear it," he whispered. The whisper was almost a gasp.

For a moment the boy did not seem to comprehend that it was his father who spoke. When he did, he shrank away from him, and said, slowly:

"I see it now. I know just how it happened. You sent me away from her, and the separation has killed her. O father, how could you be so cruel to her! It is almost as if you had murdered her."

As he spoke, he looked up into Mr. Bachman's face. The agony thereon depicted brought the boy to his senses.

"Forgive me, father," he said. "I hardly know what I am saying. Do forgive me! I did not mean to say such dreadful things."

"They are all true," his father replied. "I wonder you do not hate me."

There had been something so closely akin to hatred in his heart towards him a moment before that the boy shuddered.

Dr. Phelps, knowing that his presence was not needed, and feeling that it might be best to leave father and son alone with the dying woman, went into the adjoining room.

It was a relief to him to get away from that atmosphere of suffering, and he sank into the easy-chair which the nurse rolled up before the grate for him, with a grateful sigh.

As the door closed behind him, Mr. Bachman, with a groan, sank upon his knees by Carl's side.

"Carl," he said, in a voice husky with emotion, "I want you to pray to your God for me. I want you to tell him something."

For a moment, surprise sealed the boy's lips. Then he asked:

"What do you want him to know, father?"

"O, I can hardly tell you," he replied. "I

feel that it is because of *me* that he is taking your mother from you. It is against *me* that his wrath burns hot. It is to punish *me* that this awful blow has come."

"Father," Carl said, a quick thought, heaven-sent as he always believed, thrilling his heart with sudden hope, "tell God yourself just what you want him to know. He will hear you, and he will answer you. His Word is pledged."

"I never prayed in my life," Mr. Bachman replied. "How could I, when I never believed there was a God to whom prayer could be offered?"

"But you believe in Him now, father. Do pray! Perhaps he will spare mother to us if you will, and if you will tell him all that is in your heart."

There was a minute of unbroken silence. Then Mr. Bachman's voice broke the stillness, saying:

"O God, to-night, for the first time, I believe there is a God. You know why I believe

it. Your hand is heavy upon me, and I know it is the hand of a very God."

After these words there was a long silence. Then the voice again began:

"You are showing me so many things to-night, O God, that my heart is stricken as with death. I want to promise you something. You are the God whom my wife and my boy love. For their sakes hear me. If you will spare my wife, and make her well and strong, I promise solemnly that I will never cross her wish again about the boy. He shall preach for you, if you want him. He shall be anything that she and you ask him to be."

Again there was silence. Only the labored breathing of a strong man in agony of soul broke the stillness of the room.

Carl was pleading, as for his own soul, that God would hear his father's cries. For his prayer was more of a cry than a petition.

Again he spoke, and this time his voice was broken.

"O God!—O God!—if you will hear and

answer—if you can hear and answer such a man as I have been—I will promise—if you will help me—if you will give me back my wife—I will promise—I do promise—that I will be different. I will try to love you—O God—I will—I will! Do hear me!”

“Father, say ‘for Jesus’ sake,’ ” Carl whispered, passing his arm across the shoulders of the kneeling man.

“I ask you to hear this prayer, O God, for Jesus’ sake,” came from the quivering lips. It sounded like a wail, and tears were streaming from Carl’s eyes as he stood upon his feet.

“I am sure mother will live,” he said, softly. “O, I am sure of it. I feel God’s presence about me as never before.”

Then he bent over the bed, and called gently:

“Mother, mother, open your eyes! Speak to me. It is Carl.”

As he watched the colorless face lying against the pillows, he was not surprised to see a tremor pass over it.

"Mother, wake up. Momity, dear! Momity—it is your boysie who is calling you."

The lids opened, and a faint whisper came from the pale lips:

"It is my little Carl who calls me. Jesus told me I must come to him."

.

Mrs. Bachman's convalescence was rapid. It was wonderful to see how the color came back to her cheeks, and the light to her eyes.

As she recovered her strength, it was noticeable that there was a freshness about her, a breath of youth and vivacity that had seemed wholly lost before her illness.

"Is it any wonder that I am a girl again?" she said to her husband, with happy eyes fixed upon his face, one day, when he had told her of her resuscitated youth. "Is it any wonder, when my husband, who was dead, is now alive? O, it seems too precious to be true."

There was no trouble now about Carl's entering Vanderbilt University.

CHAPTER XXX

AT THE CHAPEL DOOR

A FEW brief glimpses at some of our Ridley friends, and our simple story is ended. Our first glance will be directed to the shop. The firm now reads, "Weston & Son," and the workmen feel much pride in the genial young master. His interest in them is shown in a hundred little ways, which win their hearts while it inspires them to more faithful service.

We find Fred Lewis in his old place opposite Barton. But his face is so changed that one would scarcely recognize this smiling, hopeful one for the sullen, discontented countenance of a year ago. He whistles as he works, and it is noticeable that the air he chooses is that of a stirring Christian Endeavor hymn.

Philip Barton stands behind his lathe, as sturdy and strong as ever. The same old light

is in his face; only it has deepened in intensity. Every man and youth in the shop loves him, and it is difficult to compute the measure of the influence he wields.

A glance at Mr. Weston shows no marked change. There is a kindlier light in his eye than formerly, and the old cynical smile visits his lip less frequently.

Ralph also looks much the same, with the exception of a deeper thoughtfulness now marking brow and eyes.

We will glance at Philip Barton some hours later.

He is standing at the door of the mission chapel on Canal Street. He does not seem to notice the persons who pass him, from time to time, as they enter the church. His gaze is fixed upon the street, and presently he gives a satisfied exclamation, as a tall figure turns in and joins him.

It is Fred Lewis.

"I'm glad that I promised to come," Lewis says, glancing with curiosity towards

the window, out of which comes the sound of music.

"And I am glad you have kept your promise," Barton rejoins.

"I do n't know much about the things they tell of in there," Fred continues, indicating the chapel by a nod of his head, "but I will be glad to know more. Ever since that night when Mr. Ralph kept me from jumping off the old pier I have wanted to learn the secret that turned you, all of a sudden, into a new man."

Philip laughs in a low, pleased way, and his face is quite radiant as he says:

"It is a good secret to know, Fred."

"It must be," his companion rejoins, looking intently into his eyes. "Unless your face lies, you have been about the happiest fellow, since that time, that I ever saw."

Again Barton laughs; but before he can reply, Ralph Weston joins them.

"Am I late?" he asks, with a glance towards the chapel windows.

"No. Just in time," Philip replies. "They

are now holding a prayer and song service; but it is the sermon I specially want you and Fred to hear. The minister is a young man, not much older than you."

Ralph smiles a little sadly, as he says: "His life must have been spent very differently from mine. It makes me heartsick, now, to look back and see the wasted years."

"I can clasp hands with you on that," Philip rejoins, and Fred adds, with deep pathos:

"Yet both of your lives have been saintly, compared with mine."

The bell sounds, and quite a tide of worshipers pass through the gate.

As Philip leads the way towards the chapel door, Ralph remarks:

"I have never been inside of a church to listen to a sermon since I was a boy." A moment later, he adds: "How my father would stare to see me here to-night!"

"I wish he was with you," Barton rejoins, wistfully. "I had half a mind to invite him, but I felt it would be useless."

"I think you are mistaken," Ralph says, in a low voice, as they mount the steps. "You have more influence over him than you know. I believe, if you ask him, he will come."

And he did; not once, but many, many times.

That was a wonderful service held in the little chapel that night. Ralph and Fred never forgot the text: "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Nor did the memory of one of the hymns they sung ever fade from their recollection.

Afterwards, Fred Lewis could repeat it, word for word, as it had stamped itself upon his heart in that supreme hour:

"Do you want pardon? do you want peace?
Do you want sorrow and sighing to cease?
Look to the Lord, who died on the tree;
Jesus can save you, for he saved me.

Living beneath the shade of the cross;
Counting the jewels of earth but as dross;
Cleansed in the blood that flowed from his side,
Jesus redeems you; for you he died.

Do you want strength?—take part in the fight.
Do you want cleansing?—then walk in the light.
Would you from sin be rescued, and free?
Jesus can help you, for he helped me.

Let the dear Savior reign in your soul;
Plunge in the fountain, and you shall be whole.
O what a wonderful Savior is he!
Jesus can cleanse you, for he cleansed me."

And then came the refrain, which never failed to bring a mist to Fred's eyes as he sang it:

"Wonderful grace! how it satisfies me!
Wonderful mercy so rich and so free!
Would you a child of the covenant be?
Jesus can save you—he sweetly saves me."

The day that Ralph Weston threw in his lot with the people of God, he said to Barton, after referring to that night in the chapel:

"But your life, Philip, was the sermon that

first set me to thinking. That, and the happy light in your face, made me hungry to learn the secret that filled you with perpetual joy."

Verily, one human heart, however humble, if wholly yielded to God, becomes a dynamo of Divine power.

Christ fills that soul—is incarnated in that life. Is it any wonder that the glory of his presence shines through the veil of flesh, until scoffers are forced to take notice of the ineffable sweetness and beauty that permeate such a life?

Well might Philip Barton say, in humility and adoring awe:

"I am nothing; less than nothing. 'Christ is all; all in all.' " He has learned the stupendous truth Paul gives us in Galatians ii, 20:

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but CHRIST LIVETH IN ME: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live BY THE FAITH OF THE SON OF GOD, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

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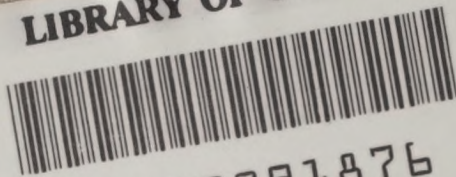
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